Saturday Review

September 4, 1965 25¢

"Officer and Laughing Girl," by Jan Vermeer (see page 18) —The Frick Collection

THE ORBITING POTATO

By John Lear

BERTA HAMILTON
RD-1
NEWFANE VERMONT

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Washington and the World

"If the will of every man were free...if every man could act as he chose, the whole of history would be a tissue of disconnected accidents."—Epilogue to 'War and Peace.'

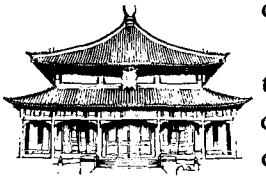
But history has *never* been disconnected. And that's the point of the three-and-a-half hour special that NBC News will be presenting this Tuesday night, Sept. 7 (7:30 to 11 pm EDT).

Decades of Decision

It's called "American White Paper: United States Foreign Policy." It will examine our country's involvement in world affairs over the past 20 years. Through that examination, NBC News hopes to give viewers a richer understanding of our current position in Viet Nam and other zones of conflict and crisis.

Whatever conclusion he may reach, the viewer will find one verdict inescapable; the events of the past two decades are linked inextricably in space and time.

Ever since 1945, as the White Paper reminds us, each of our Presidents has had to deal with the enormous challenges of Communism. For Harry Truman, it was only a matter of months between the Berlin blockade and the crisis of Korea. For Dwight Eisenhower, the East German revolt was followed quickly by the French defeat at Dienbienphu and Red Chinese threats against Quemoy and Matsu. For John Kennedy, there was the Berlin Wall and the eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation over missile bases in Cuba. For Lyndon Johnson, there are the multi-faceted problems of Viet Nam. And so it goes.



To prepare this White Paper account of our 1945-65 foreign policy, executive producer Fred Freed's staff has spent some five months in researching, reporting, writing, filming and editing. Unit producers were dispatched to film interviews with such government officials as Maurice Couve de Murville, Foreign Minister of France; Michael Stewart, Foreign Secretary, Great Britain; and Gerhard Schroeder, Foreign Minister of Germany. Here at home, where Chet Huntley (in New York) and David Brinkley (in Washington) will be spearheading the program's special analysis, NBC News correspondents have interviewed Secretary of State Dean Rusk and other important figures (both in and out of government).

In pre-empting this Tuesday night's entire prime-time evening schedule for this unique actuality, NBC News is attempting to answer what it feels to be a serious need for further illumination on a subject too complex for any average-sized TV program to treat properly.

Proud Predecessor

It was this same motivation that—two years ago—prompted us to take an entire evening to present "The American Revolution of '63," the first three-hour planned news special on network television. The response to that NBC News study of the civil rights issue was tremendously gratifying. But for us, the real satisfaction was in the doing.

We feel similarly about this "American White Paper: United States Foreign Policy." Indeed, if it's possible for any one subject to be considered *more* important than civil rights, it would be the right of mankind to continue breathing. And that's what this Tuesday night's special is really all about.

NBC

NBC News—the world's largest broadcast news organization.

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Rubinstein's New Recording of 8 Polonaises and 4 Impromptus

The continuing freshness of Artur Rubinstein's approach to music is one of the wonders of the concert world. As a result, his new recordings of Chopin's major works have been enthusiastically received. The newest album in this series, 8 Polonaises and 4 Impromptus, is the sum of many virtues: performances reflecting Rubinstein's ever-deepening insight . . . warmer, more elegant than ever before; the superb acoustics of Carnegie Hall where he recorded and, of course, the repertoire, which includes the "Fantaisie-Impromptu" and the "Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise." This Dynagroove album is artistically and sonically splendid. Hear it and you'll be sure to add it to your collection soon.

Saturday Review

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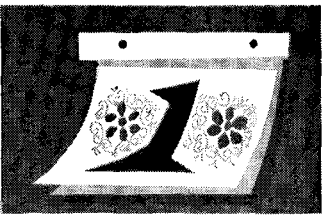
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

IT was the month of Gemini V and Constantine II and Los Angeles, of Chu Lai and Vantuong and the Rann of Kutch, of the *Seven Seas* and the *Southern Breeze* and the *Tinkerbelle*. And if, at the end, it looked as if Mia Farrow had decided to go home to her network, we hardly could blame her. So far as we know, Mr. Sinatra had never properly proposed to the network in the first place. As for Robert Manry, there were divided opinions. Was he another Lindbergh, or wasn't he? And, even if he was, wasn't one enough?

• • •

It was also the month of Instant History where the late President Kennedy was concerned. And, to many people, he would have seemed to have deserved better—particularly at the hands of his secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, a lady who obviously didn't know when he was kidding and when he wasn't. As for President Johnson, we were rather amazed when he, too, got into the act—with still *another* version of how he came to be chosen Vice President. And now, therefore, we feel free to tell *our* version. And if ours is a simple story, it is also one which at least respects *all* confidences. In a word, we were for him for Vice President then—and we're still for him for Vice President now.

• • •

The President irritated us considerably during the month, not the least of our irritations being his cutback of four more wildlife refuges—after already cutting down completely on five. Elsewhere on the humane front, the proponents of bullfighting came front and center—first with the almost unbelievably decadent and degenerate movie *The Moment of Truth*, and second over Metromedia's New York Channel 5 with an hour-long TV special called *Bullfight*. In this, Carlos Montalban went through extraordinary verbal contortions, apparently to prove that all the fancy-pantsiness is, as he put it, "ze great art and ze grand tradition." The only thing we can say for him is that he didn't also go into the mystic virility symbolism—which, to nations needing same, is apparently equally important. And finally, *Life*, which has an almost infallible eye for missing the point of its own story, came up with a lavish pro-rodeo layout—with no mention, of course, of the fact that the big story of rodeo these days is that, at long last, state after state is currently engaged in examining its anti-cruelty laws in relation to it, the latest being the State of Ohio whose legislature recently passed, 26 to 0, a law banning a long list of specific rodeo cruelties.

• • •

On the collegiate front—Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst and the University of Massachusetts—decided to set up a new college, Hampshire College. Nowadays, it seems, you can not only give to the college of your choice, you can also give to the college of your *college's* choice. And the way we see it, pretty soon it's not only going to be every child's right to go to college—it's going to be every college's right to have children. We can even see some obvious match-making—the Big Ten, say, with the Seven Sisters, or Brigham Young with Sarah Lawrence *and* Georgia Southern.

And, as if that weren't enough, we learned during the month, courtesy of Miss Helen Kilcullen, assistant professor of Education at Long Island University, that LIU was going to hold—and hold on now—"a practicum for disadvantaged children who are under-achieving in reading."

Anyway, that was it. And next, we suppose, they'll be holding their practicums right in the streets. Honestly, we're practicumly there now.

In our opinion—and, mind you, it's offhand and probably an over-simplification—it's high time we stripped the problem of its vestigiality and realized the dichotomy of our whole motivational educational syndrome. If you disagree, which is surely your privilege, then at least you will grant me, *nemine dissentiete*, the theosophic hypothesis that at the vertex of the problem lies the convolution of the aphasic vesicle. In short, it seems entirely germane to the practicum to ask, nay demand, that the children be at least tangentially indoctrinated with imagistic endemic aphonia, lest they be adumbrated with disgenical dysphoria. Otherwise, it seems perfectly obvious that the effluvium of our whole educible prognosticative efforts may be co-reduced to a proliferation of a lot of demonstrably untactile hermeneutics.

• • •

Also out on Long Island, from out of Garden City, L.I.—no kidding, that was the dateline—came a special to the *New York Times*. This stated that only three contestants had appeared to try out for the title of "Miss Farmer's Daughter," at the Long Island Fair, which started August 27. "Farmers' daughters," stated the *Times* sternly, "are disappearing."

These days, obviously, it's just one shortage after another. Here we are, close to completely out of water. We've got a dwindling gold supply. We're even down to the bare subsistence level on Met victories. But *farmers' daughters!* Honestly, there are things that make you ask what have we got a government for? Oh, they've got plenty of time to save electricity in the White House—but for farmers' daughters—the very foundation on which this country was built—they haven't even saved the time to face the problem.

Clearly, the whole thing is, and of a right ought to be, in the lap of the Department of Agriculture. But there isn't a moment to be lost. We must get it at the grass roots level. At this very moment county agents should be calling on farmers from one end of this country to the other, persuading, teaching, nay demanding, that a floor be placed under farmers' daughters. The farmer should be subsidized and, if necessary, farmers' daughters must be stockpiled. After all, we're paying billions of dollars to farmers *not* to grow wheat, corn, hay, alfalfa and what not. Isn't the very least we can do to pay them a few bucks to grow farmers' daughters?

Here we are, with the jet age upon us, and the supersonic age around the corner, traveling at speeds our grandfathers wouldn't have dreamed of, an entire nation of traveling salesmen—and not a farmer's daughter anywhere. No wonder these salesmen say the game isn't what it used to be. They're game enough—but there isn't enough game left even for a joke.

Remember the old song—"How you gonna' keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" These farmers don't need Paris, they need *parity*—on their daughters.

And what the rest of us need, obviously, is a modern Paul Revere, a man to ride to every Middlesex—what are we saying?—well, at any rate, to every village and farm.

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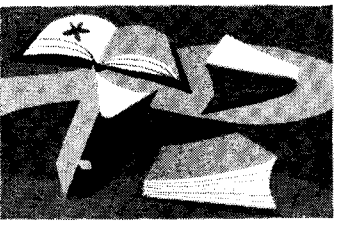
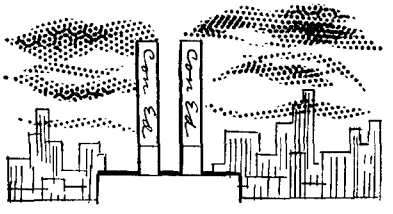
Trade Winds



We're living in a dangerous age. Medical research workers report that breathing New York City air is the equivalent of smoking two packages of cigarettes every day. The municipal fathers didn't rush out with the announcement that air in New York smells



good like a city should, but New Jersey officials lost no time in asserting that a change to Paterson is a change for good. Meanwhile, Consolidated Edison, which operates some of the tallest and fattest smokestacks in the world, is donating a few king-size cigarettes daily to the smoking pleasure of each New Yorker.

Up in Saskatchewan, the Department of Public Health has found a way to remind cigarette smokers that they're not exactly increasing their life spans by smoking. The department is giving away handsome bookmarks bearing an illustration of a single cigarette. The smoke curling up from the lighted end spells out the word "Cancer."

Everywhere you turn, you can run into perils that Pauline never even dreamed of. In a Michigan Department of Health bulletin which Raymond Buchkoe sends along, there's a classified ad that rather makes you stop and think. It reads:

> WANTED: Man to work on nuclear fissionable isotope molecular reactive counters and three-phase cyclotronic uranium photosynthesizers. No experience necessary.

There's danger even in the literary world. Some of the best writers in America are so artful in devising ways to avoid the typewriter that a major portion of the country's literary output sometimes seems in danger of drying up.

Although she is usually "bulging and burning to get on with it," Pamela Frankau tells us that she can stall much too expertly some mornings, by means of such simple expedients as not having enough cigarettes on hand, having to get the laundry out, or wondering what happened to poor old so-and-so (this, of course, makes a phone call urgent and obligatory).

The worst, however, is the jigsaw puzzle. "I won't touch it," she tells herself. "Never. But there it lies. Half completed. Aching to be done. Perhaps just ten minutes. Ten little minutes, and my mind will be clear for writing."

Too often she weakens. "About the worst thing someone could do to me," she says, "is to send along half a dozen jigsaw puzzles. That way lies madness."

Max Eastman, on the other hand, has a clear, cunning method whereby he can totally justify dropping his entire work load and making straightway for the garden with his pruning shears.

"All those trees and bushes out there," he tells us, "They *have* to be attended to. Immediately. If I don't prune them, they'll choke off the house within minutes, and then I won't be able even to consider writing. You just can't let a jungle get out of hand. And I certainly don't intend to get strangled at my writing desk. Duty comes first."

Bill and Audrey Roos, who write suspense thrillers together, have managed to turn out three books this year (their latest is *A Few Days in Madrid*). But there have been days when their talent for stalling has usurped the creative urge mercilessly.

"It's quite a complex problem," says Mr. Roos. "I hate to do housework, and so does my wife. But when I get stuck on a critical scene, even housework looks good to me. That's when I go and help out—but that makes Audrey mad, because I'm destroying *her* method of avoiding the typewriter."

Lillian Hellman considers herself an expert at the creative stall. Swimming and fishing are the easiest ways she has of handling the situation, but they are bound to produce heavy guilt feelings.

"The best way out," she tells us, "is to simply lie down and take a nap. In this way, I can always promise myself that I'll wake up feeling better."

William Styron also has his own how-to-avoid-the-typewriter kit. A good long walk to town usually works and doesn't produce quite as much guilt as sailing —which he'd far prefer to do.

"The ace in the hole," he says, "is to take a shower. This not only keeps you away from work, but washes away the guilt at the same time."

Pulitzer Prize-winner Shirley Ann Grau makes assurance doubly sure by a grand deception. She has mastered a recipe for cookies that takes two full days. Called halfway bars, the goodies entail such a production that she once burned out an electric mixer preparing them.

Another gambit is to prepare a magnificent New Orleans gumbo when she's far away from the source of supply. "I had a writing assignment last year that took a lot of avoiding," she says. "Since I was in New England at the time, the store had to put in a special order for okra, and it took me two full days to catch the fresh crabs that were absolutely essential. I think I was able to avoid work for ten full days."

Her husband, James Feibleman, is not only chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Tulane University, but a prolific writer on the subject of philosophy. His system for avoiding the typewriter is simple. According to his wife, the method is: "He'll talk to anyone who will listen."

Vance Packard finds it academically justifiable to fix a leaky toilet rather than go to a typewriter and, like Lillian Hellman, can take conscience-free refuge in a long nap.

"I can also read papers and maga-

zines on the excuse that I might pick up valuable information to use somewhere or sometime," he tells us. "And when this fails, I'm thinking of falling back on Jean Kerr's favorite stall. She reads the label on the back of a bottle of milk of magnesia."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1638)

JOSEPH W. KRUTCH:

NOVELISTS KNOW (WHAT PHILOSOPHERS DON'T)
(From *If You Don't Mind My Saying So*)

The philosophical superiority of art suggests the complexity of life and human character. It is everywhere close to man's thinking about life. Once the meaning of a work of art can be adequately stated in abstract terms, it just* ceases to have any *raison d'être*.

*Word inserted to get the needed J.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

ARMS, MONEY, AND POLITICS, Julius Duscha. Ives Washburn, $4.50 (*SR,* Aug. 7)—Contends that a political-military-industrial-labor complex has emerged with deep vested interests in the expansion of our overkill capacity, resulting in a distortion of the economy.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS: ALTERNATIVES TO THE COLD WAR IN EUROPE, Richard J. Barnet and Marcus G. Raskin. Random House, $5.95 (*SR* Aug. 14)—Suggests that, because the Great Confrontation between the U.S. and the USSR no longer appears inevitable, a new and less dangerous security system for the Western world could be built.

THE SOVIET ECONOMY SINCE STALIN, Harry Schwartz. Lippincott, $5 (*SR,* Aug 14)—Sets forth, with facts and figures, why the author thinks economic decision-making and planning remain among the most inefficiently performed activities in the USSR.

LETTERS FROM MISSISSIPPI, ed. by Elizabeth Sutherland. McGraw-Hill, $4.95 (*SR, Aug.* 14)—All other books on integration must now be measured against the sincerity and anguish expressed here by some of the 650 volunteers who went south in the summer of '64.

FREEDOM SUMMER, Sally Belfrage. Viking, $5 (*SR,* Aug. 14)—One of the volunteers graphically reviews her participation, from the hectic orientation sessions in Ohio to being jailed for five days in Greenwood, Mississippi.

THREE LIVES FOR MISSISSIPPI, William Bradford Huie. Trident, $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 14)—Retraces without sensationalism the days leading to the murders of James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner in such a way as to make the reader come, to some extent, to understand the murderers as well as the victims.

GUNS AT THE FORKS, Walter O'Meara. Prentice-Hall, $6.95 (*SR,* Aug. 14)—Stirringly recreates the battle between French and English for the "hub of the continent" during the 1750s, and tells of their simultaneous efforts to subdue the wilderness.

THE IGNOBLE SAVAGES, Mariano Picón-Salas, tr. from the Spanish by Herbert Weinstock. Knopf, $3.95 (*SR,* Aug. 21)—A series of thoughtful and eloquent essays by the late Venezuelan scholar, critic, and novelist that cry out against the brutishness of the modern world.

THE LOVE OF ANXIETY AND OTHER ESSAYS, Charles Frankel. Harper & Row, $4.50 (*SR,* Aug. 21)—Expatiates upon the cultivated desperation and reasonable irrationality that characterize our present mental climate.

LATIN AMERICAN MISSION: AN ADVENTURE IN HEMISPHERIC DIPLOMACY, deLesseps S. Morrison, ed. by Gerold Frank. Simon & Schuster, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 21)—Chronicles with gusto the former New Orleans mayor's experiences with hard-core State Department bureaucracy during his service as delegate to the Organization of American States, which began shortly after the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND IN AMERICA FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR, Perry Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World, $7.50 (*SR,* Aug. 28)—Holds that the concept of the Enlightenment Sublime (which snared everybody except a few of the caliber of Emerson and Thoreau) was an absurdity and that so is much of the present-day study of the literature of the period.

Poetry

HARLEM GALLERY: BOOK 1, THE CURATOR, M. B. Tolson. Twayne, $4 (*SR,* Aug. 7)—Out of the terse structure of the ode, one of America's great poets manages a narrative that puts in motion and sets at odds his *dramatis personae*—extending from the curator of the Harlem Gallery down to the policy racketeer.

Fiction

REPORT TO GRECO, Nikos Kazantzakis, tr. from the Greek by P. A. Bien. Simon & Schuster, $7.50 (*SR,* Aug. 14)—This, the late author's final work, in the form of a fictional confession to his hero and fellow Cretan El Greco, is a key to all the other works and may rank among the world's greatest *apologia vitae.*

A STORY FOR TEDDY—AND OTHERS, Harvey Swados. Simon & Schuster, $5 (*SR,* Aug. 14)—A collection of short stories, often poetic, often moving, that deal for the most part with the development of the writer.

THE CHERRY PIT, Donald Harington. Random House, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 21)—A brilliant first novel describing one man's successful rebellion against wife, job, city, and times.

TOTEMPOLE, Sanford Friedman. Dutton, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 21)—Tells with candor and power of a boy's growing into manhood and homosexuality.

DIARY OF A MAD OLD MAN, Junichiro Tanizaki, tr. from the Japanese by Howard Hibbett. Knopf, $3.95 (*SR,* Aug. 21)—Records the desperate longing to feel alive that drives a dying man to indulge in such remnants of sexuality as are left to him. (The author died in July at the age of seventy-nine.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY, James Leo Herlihy. Simon & Schuster, $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 28)—An appalling story, told with great skill and some poetry, of a male prostitute and a crippled sneak-thief.

LET ME COUNT THE WAYS, Peter De Vries. Little, Brown, $5 (*SR,* Aug. 28)—Explores with wit and compassion the religious and other foibles of a Polish-American furniture mover and his academic son.

A PENNY FOR CHARITY, Seymour Epstein. Little, Brown, $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 28)—Sixteen stories of unexceptional people coping, often courageously, with lives that have not fulfilled their youthful expectations.

MOVIES

DARLING (*SR,* Aug. 21)—Noteworthy for its satire on the British communications establishment and for its nonconformist direction by John Schlesinger.

THE IPCRESS FILE (*SR,* Aug. 7)—The very model of suspense entertainment, stylishly directed, wittily written, and played with immaculate timing by a cast of British actors.

THE KNACK (*SR,* July 17)—Director Richard Lester lives up to the reputation he earned in *A Hard Day's Night*—this time with Rita Tushingham instead of the Beatles. Since the Broadway play of the same name is used only as a springboard no one should miss this version just because he has seen the original.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (*SR,* June 26)—Faithful copies of twenty-five vintage 1910 planes from the U.S., Britain, France, and Italy, and an equally international cast and crew, create an affectionate bit of nostalgia. Costume designs by Osbert Lancaster and animated titles by Ronald Searle add style and humor.

ART

Exhibitions

CHILDE HASSAM RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION, Museum of Fine Art, Boston. Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and pastels trace the career of one of America's foremost impressionist artists. Closes September 19.

MASTERPIECES FROM THE PRINT COLLECTION, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. One hundred of the museum's finest prints span nearly five centuries and include splendid works by Rembrandt, Holbein, Breugel, Goya, Daumier, Blake, and Winslow Homer. Opens September 21.

MASTER INDIAN BRONZES, Art Institute of Chicago. America's first major exhibition of Indian bronze sculptures, all religious in nature, has been borrowed widely from the United States and England. Covering some 800 years, the show emphasizes how expressive the symbolic language of gesture can be.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

NOT MAN APART, Lines from Robinson Jeffers; photographs by Adams, Bullock, Garnett, Porter, Weston, among others (Sierra Club, $25)—This graphic plea for conservation of the Big Sur Coast—the photogenic wild country between Point Lobos and Piedras Blancas—lives up to Sierra Club director-editor Brower's statement, "The form of the text channeled the flow of the photographs and this in turn eddied with the poetry."

Exhibitions

THE WORLD FROM THE AIR, Kodak Pavilion, New York World's Fair (*SR,* Aug. 28)—A George Eastman House traveling exhibit alights long enough (until September 22) to delineate aerial photography's accomplishments in the war-and-peace years between balloon and Boeing jet.

THEATER

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, HALF A SIXPENCE, THE KNACK, GOLDEN BOY, THE ODD COUPLE, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, and **LUV.**

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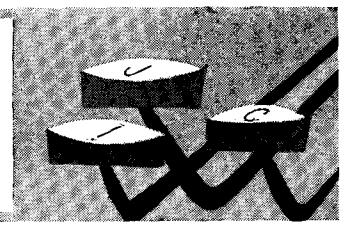
Manner of Speaking



Fragment of a Letter Found in Disabled Time Machine: . . . when the government of U-ess adopted Federalese as the official language. In fairness, we must bear in mind that those were troubled times, nor can it matter that some of the trouble was imaginary. You and I may realize that the devil is a piece of some warped imagination, yet can we deny that primitive men lived in real fear of him?

For that matter, I suppose, no man of any age has needed more than a rudimentary introspection to assure himself that the devil, or some part of what the devil is supposed to be, is real. That reality is likely to be any child's gift from parents who want him to be unnaturally good. Since nature must sooner or later force its way through what is unnatural, the parental gift sets up a small but steamy war in the psyche. And the child, not knowing what steam that is, will easily be persuaded that it is not steam at all but sulfur and brimstone. Thus, if you will permit an old friend's poetic figures, the father of man.

And thus, to return to firmer ground, it seems to have been in U-ess in the dark days. For even the few men who did not tremble at the name of the devil were certain to feel a bone-quiver at the mention of National Security. It was an age of fantastically rationalized hysteria. It was clear to men that a slip of the lip could sink a ship, that one word passed could cause a blast, that there's a spy in every eye, and, in general, that the only safe thought was one the no one had ever mentioned to anyone else.

It was natural, therefore, to think of communication as the fatal weakness. An Eskimo, no matter how much he knows, can hardly reveal it to a Hottentot unless he happens to have a highly qualified interpreter. Thus, if it could only be arranged for no one to understand anyone else, everyone would be safe. At that point Federalese became inevitable.

To be sure, a sort of Primitive Federalese had been spoken and written for generations and had even reached a highly developed form under an earlier ruler whose name has come down to us as Tedi-arr. And was further developed under one of his successors, the scholarly Utopian known to us as Whodro. After his reign, however, and for over a decade, the government spoke no language at all, conducting all discussions in Cash. It was not till the long reign of Effendi-arr that True Federalese (beginning with the derangement of the alphabet) began to develop into the cunctiferent instrument it became in the regencies that began with Ha-ri and Jen-Yke.

Visionary men, to be sure, fought valiantly against these innovations until they were purged in a rite known as "subpoena" which seems to have been conducted by an order of low priests known as "Huac" (whence the modern slang "sup-pen," signifying a charge account at a brothel, and "whackey," signifying the petty official who used to collect the admission tax in cash).

These visionary persons—the Telligibls, as they became known—adopted the Tower of Babel as their insignia, intending it as a dread admonishment of things to come. Their opponents—who were soon to become known as the Gi-burrs, and who were to make themselves notorious for the ferocity with which they suppressed the Telli-gibls—replied that that Tower of Babel was no more than a "rehdhearing," and (as recent researches by the G'ldwassern Monastics enable us to quote exactly) "unaptual to the existent promulgation direction-wise."

Their argument seems to have been that the Tower of Babel was a subversive foreign effort at a primitive space program, whereas it is common knowledge that no one in U-ess was making any effort to build to Heaven and, in fact, that everything was going to Hell.

Scholars in the various Monasteries of the Pointless Saints—not only the G'ldwassern Brotherhood, but the Kooklox and the Burr-chirrs—have been able to decipher the record up to this point and to do so with great certainty. Beyond the final victory of the Gi-burrs, however, the archives become unintelligible. We know that Gi-burrish became the official Federal language because all subsequent doctrines are written in it. The key to that language, however, has defied our best scholars despite their relative fluency in Primitive Federalese.

The effort to unriddle the history of that curious epoch continues, but our knowledge is both slight and self-contradictory. A vast body of knowledge—enough, it is possible to believe, to lead to some sort of understanding—has been accumulated from artifacts, collateral clues, conjecture, the chemical dating of ink and paper, and radioactive carbon tests. Though no one of these methods, as you realize, is sufficient in itself, their total evidence seems to indicate that U-ess (despite the near-infinite quantity of archival materials in developed Gi-burrish) did not long survive the change from Primitive Federalese. It is even possible that the Gi-burrs, having perfected the language of absolute noncommunication, undertook a massive program designed to bury any possible survival of meaning in an avalanche of documents typed up by machines that were set to make up language in random mathematical sequences. On this assumption, and on the seeming likelihood that the total span of the Gi-burrish archives is no more than fifty years, our scholars continue to search the documents on the chance of uncovering any such surviving meaning. The process, however, is one of patient despair.

The more so in that the seemingly incontrovertible evidence of our archeologists is disquietingly contradictory. Their study of millions of skulls indicates a thickening of the frontal, parietal, and occipital bones that could only have resulted from an evolutionary process with a span of tens of millions of years.

Such is the poverty of our knowledge at the present writing. You will understand, therefore, the urgency of our hope in your newly developed time machine. Our fear, old friend, is that if you do succeed in returning to that mindless epoch, you will yourself become so confused that you may no longer be able to understand the controls of your own machine, especially since we understand them to function by ratio-analysis. It is because of our uncertainty that I write you as a friend rather than formally and officially.

May our fear prove to be unfounded. Need I say that our every good wish will go with you? And yet, why should we fear? Surely the foremost scientific mind of our age will be able to survive a brief exposure to the Contagion. Let it be in that faith, and in the expectation of great discoveries, that we await you. You may be sure that every instrument at our disposal will be searching the Continua for the happy indication of your return. . . . —JOHN CIARDI.

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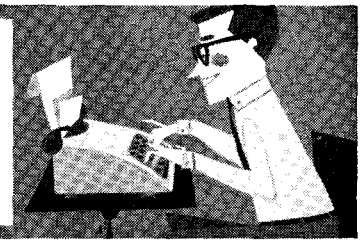
Top of My Head



Like Is a Many-Splendored Thing

THERE IS too much love in the world and not enough like. Love has been so obfuscated that nothing seems to escape the objective complement of which it is a predicate.

People love cheeseburgers. A woman's hat is loved. A man's tie is loved. A sunset, a movie, a pair of Bermuda shorts, an ocean voyage, a broiled lobster are loved. Paris in the springtime is loved. Love, they say, is where you find it. The only place you find *like* these days is in like the advertisements of Winston cigarettes.

Love trips lightly upon the tongues of the emotional where a little *like* would make for an endearment more enduring. People are always falling out of *love*. No one ever falls out of *like*. Where *love* is too often demanding, *like* is most often understanding.

When a girl, entwined in the arms of her boy friend, looks up at him soulfully and asks "Do you love me?" there is a quick, automatic answer: "Of course." Should she ask "Do you like me?" there is a fumble in the backfield, he makes a quick recovery, and drives through for a touchdown.

"Like you?" he replies. "I love you!" She sighs happily. She has forgotten the question. She loves the answer.

I learned early in life, before there was a Dear Abby to whom I could write for advice, the difference between these two verbs. This is a true *like* story. True but sad:

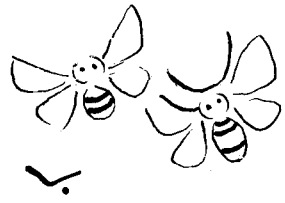
Once upon a time, many many years ago, when I was a boy in school, my arithmetic teacher drew two horizontal lines on the blackboard and proclaimed: "These are two parallel lines. No matter how far I extend them, even to infinity, they will never meet."

I sat bolt upright, halfway out of my seat. She looked over at me and asked, "Are you ill?" I said, "Never meet?" She replied, "Never." I sat back, depleted, heartbroken. My every day in that classroom became a traumatic experience. She left the two parallel lines on the blackboard for weeks, and every time I saw them I saw two lines which would never meet, never fall in love. It was the saddest thing I'd ever heard.

In my mind the two lines soon became a boy and a girl destined to spend their lives side by side and never, from here to infinity, meet and fall in love. Then I began to rationalize. They don't have to fall in love. Why can't they just meet and like each other? At some time along the road from here to infinity they could walk together hand in hand or go to a movie or have a soda. I was desolate.

I must say it hadn't bothered me much when teacher had drawn a square on the blackboard and announced that four sides of a square are all the same size. I remember thinking only that it was rather square to be the same size. But I didn't go into shock.

I remember when she told us that in



a right-angled triangle the square root of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square roots of the other two sides. I thought anybody mixed up in a triangle deserved what he got. Even the rectangle, which has two sides longer than the other two, never bothered me because they were two boys and two girls meeting on the corners and holding hands. If I seemed too preoccupied with everything's materializing as boys and girls it's because I skipped the class on birds and bees and got right to it. I never was an outdoorsman.

Down through the years, whenever I saw two parallel lines, I got that old heavy feeling. But just the other day I read that a scientist at Mount Palomar has a new theory. The basic geometry of space is curved, he says, and two parallel lines could meet in space if extended far enough. And high time!

Where now Miss Gilliam, who was so sure they would never meet? And where now the dictionaries that so smugly defined parallel lines as "extending in the same direction at every point so as never to meet"?

And where now those two innocent parallel lines she so carefully drew with a ruler on her blackboard? I know where they are—out there in space somewhere, not realizing that the basic geometry of space is curved and it is now legal for them to meet. Meet, parallel lines! A go go, parallel lines! Meet and hold hands and fall in like.

And, as in all true *like* stories, live happily ever after! —GOODMAN ACE.

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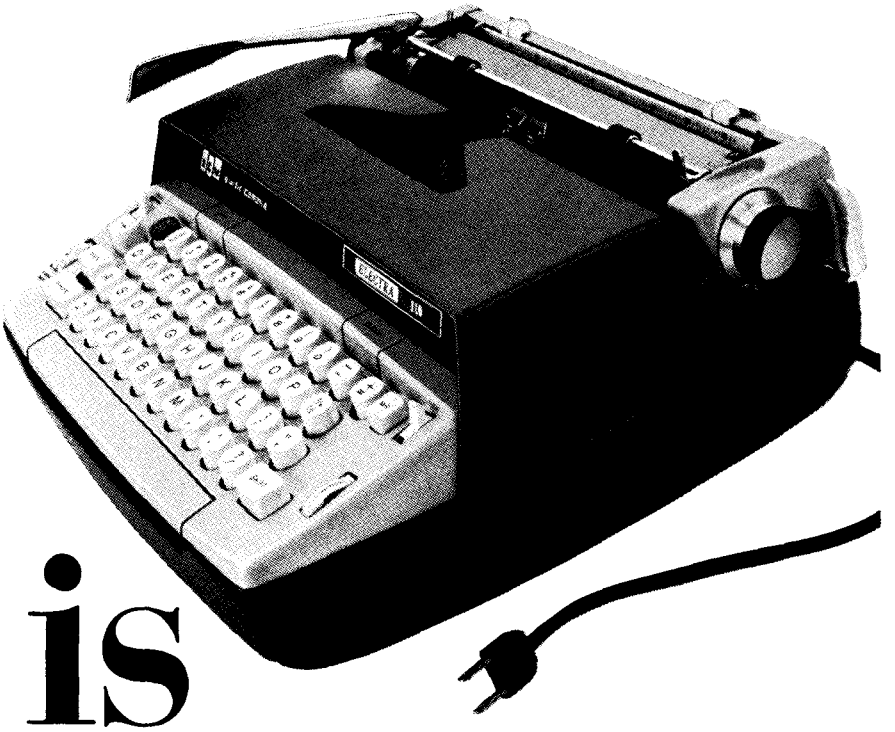

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Saturday Review
September 4, 1965

THE BURDENS OF POWER

Learning to live with the world's criticism, argues a Senate aide, is a price the United States must pay for its greatness.

By CARL MARCY

I RECENTLY SPENT a year visiting ten countries around the world and asking hundreds of people from all walks of life what they know and think about the United States. Their answers provide some insights into the responsibilities, and the burdens, of a superpower and its citizens.

One might expect, for example, that the almost universal recognition of the power of the United States would ease the path of American diplomacy. The opposite is often the case. Incredible as it may seem to Americans, there is widespread belief abroad that the Cold War is largely the fault of the United States and that the United States could put a stop to it if it wanted to. America's power is so great, runs the argument, that it could direct the Cold War into economic and political channels and thus avoid the possibility of a nuclear confrontation. In this view it is preposterous that a nation as strong as the United States is as preoccupied as it is with the threat of Communism. The fact that the United States seems to be frightened by a nation that can't produce enough food to feed its own people, and whose standard of living is so far behind that of the United States, suggests to some foreign critics of American policy that there must be something more to Communism than they have detected. Thus the very fact of American power tends to destroy credence in the nation's concern over Communism.

Another consequence of the universal recognition of United States power is that, regardless of its wishes, the United States becomes involved in virtually every international dispute. "Don't just stand there, do something!" is the challenge flung at American ambassadors around the world. Americans may long for the day when most of the world's troubles were not America's troubles. They may complain that Washington makes statements on every issue. They may wish for a few instances when the President would comment that the United States doesn't really care how a particular dispute might end because it is of no concern to the United States.

BUT the world expects the United States to take positions. Furthermore, the parties to disputes often insist that the United States involve itself in the disputes on their side. If the United States refuses to choose sides, it almost invariably draws fire from both parties. Thus the Greeks feel the United States has deserted them because it has not supported them against the Turks on the subject of self-determination in Cyprus. The Turks, on the other hand, believe the United States should support them. There have been anti-American discussions in both countries.

Similarly, the Arabs blame the United States for the creation of Israel, and the Israelis believe American aid to the United Arab Republic strengthens the trouble-making propensities of Nasser.

The Pakistanis believe that the United States has the power, by suspending aid, to force India to surrender Kashmir and should do so. But the Indians believe American pressures on Pakistan would bring that nation to its senses.

African nationalists expect the United States to lead the parade for an economic boycott of the Union of South Africa to get that state to abandon its racial policies. And when the United States holds back, no matter how valid the reason, the African nationalists doubt the sincerity of America's support of self-determination. The white minorities in Southern Rhodesia, on the other hand, believe that African nationalism is destroying economic growth in Africa and that it can be held in check only if the United States recognizes the justice in the cause of the white minority.

To a small power involved in a dispute with another power, the expectation is that the United States must see, understand, and support it. The expectation is somewhat equivalent to the feeling that the Lord is on its side. And if for some reason there is doubt whether the Lord has taken sides, the first inclination of the disappointed party is not to question its own judgment but to denounce the Lord.

IN such disputes emotions are usually so aroused that a rational settlement is virtually impossible. The Arabs would rather be dominated by international Communism than by Israel; Pakistanis prefer Communism to Hinduism. And the United States is expected to take sides. It finds itself in the unenviable position of being on the receiving end of the charge: "If you're not with us, you're against us."

A consequence of being involved in most disputes is that when the United States takes no position except to recognize that justice may not be entirely on one side, or when it simply encourages the parties to work together for a peaceful adjustment of their differences, it is likely to be accused of being indecisive or lacking in principle. Critics often complain that the only time the United States takes clear positions in

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The author of this article is Staff Director of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He prepared this article while on leave under a fellowship from the Institute of Current World Affairs.

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disputes is when one of the disputants is anti-Communist and the other tends to be liberal or perhaps pro-Communist.

The United States may wish to sit out disputes for many reasons. It may want to continue to be friends with both parties, for example, or American interests of overriding concern may be involved. The United States may be more interested in preserving NATO than in taking sides in the dispute between two NATO countries, Greece and Turkey, over the issue of Cyprus; the United States may be more concerned with a Chinese or Soviet threat to the subcontinent of Asia than with taking sides in the Indian-Pakistani issue over Kashmir; the United States may be more concerned with Communist penetration of Africa than with taking sides in the disputes between African nationalists and the white minorities in Africa; and in the Middle East the United States is more concerned with maintaining stability in that critical area than with judging the issues between the Arabs and Israel.

What is viewed as indecisiveness on the part of the United States may be nothing more than a consequence of the fact that the United States as a world power has interests that are of greater importance to it than the national interests of regional powers.

In light of the feeling that the United States tends to be indecisive in taking positions on disputes between other states—except when the issue of Communism is clearly raised—it is fair to ask whether a great power like the United States can afford *not* to have opinions on these issues of such burning importance to the participants. Is there no principle that guides America except that of expediency? Are the factors in disputes of the kind discussed above so evenly balanced that the scales weigh not one way or the other?

Consider an example to see how a principle might work out in practice.

FOR many years the United States has advocated self-determination. If this were the overriding principle guiding the United States in the position it took on specific issues, how would it work out in the dispute between Turkey and Greece over Cyprus? Would it be practicable and in the interests of the United States to insist that the future of Cyprus be determined by the citizens of Cyprus exercising a free choice as to whether they should remain independent, affiliated with Greece, or affiliated with Turkey? In all likelihood the people of Cyprus would choose to join with Greece. What of the consequences? For one thing, the United States would find it necessary to abandon any principle involving the protection of the Turk minority on Cyprus. A decision to make the principle of self-determination dominant would also involve tacit rejection of any treaty rights the Turks acquired at the time Cyprus attained its independence. Finally, if the Turks decided to make an issue of abandonment of the Turkish minority to the mercies of the Greek Cypriot majority, they might use force to protect Turks living on Cyprus. This would raise for the United States the question of whether it would, if necessary, use force to resist a Turkish attack on Greece. And what would happen to NATO bases in Turkey in such an event?

Or consider applying the principle of self-determination to the dispute between the Arabs and the Israelis. If the Middle East area were considered as a unit, the decision of the Arabs in their dealings with the Israelis would prevail, since the Jews are outnumbered six or eight to one. But if the principle of self-determination were applied within the boundaries of existing states, it would not solve the dispute.

Application of the principle of self-determination to the tragic troubles in Africa between the white minorities and the African nationalists raises the question of just how far the United States would go if the principle were given more than lip service. Would the United States go so far as to lead in an economic boycott of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia unless those states agreed to establish governments characterized by one man, one vote? And if in fact such a move were successful, would that assure real self-determination, or might it instead lead to one-party government such as seems to be developing in other African states? And what would happen to the economic interests and the civil rights of the white minority? Might not the principle of self-determination lead to an oppression of a minority; might it not substitute the oppression of a white minority for the oppression of a colored majority, as is now the case? There is a great deal of difference between preaching and practicing.

Even a counsel of moderation on the part of a superpower is often a lightning rod that draws condemnation by all parties to a dispute. The inability, or failure, of the United States to take sides loses friends—apparently without influencing anyone. Sometimes because the United States sees issues in a larger context than partisan disputants, or at least a different context, the nation manages to make two enemies instead of one. Is the United States naïve because it fails to take sides? Might it not be better to be decisive and possibly wrong than to be indecisive or moderate and lacking in significant influence or friends? As a prominent Pakistani suggested, a nation can have only a few true friends and too often the United States fails to distinguish between its true friends and its enemies. By siding with India, as this Pakistani thought the U.S. had done in the Kashmir dispute, the Americans "have chosen a big tub of dirty water instead of a small bowl of clean water."

Another consequence of American

"Mr. Albright won't be in the office today. He's rebelling against our over-regimented society."

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power is that every act, or failure to act, is scrutinized for its international political implications. The movements of United States military forces, for example, are often thought to have a significance they do not really possess. In the Far East the deployment of units of the Seventh Fleet is politically newsworthy in nations stretching from the Arctic to the Indian Ocean. The same is true of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. It is not denied that the movements of military forces of the United States are occasionally dictated by international political conditions. The point is that regardless of the American political motivation, or lack thereof, the overwhelming power of the United States subjects American military activities to interpretations not always contemplated by the originators of such actions. American power, therefore, calls for an unusual degree of sophistication.

American elections are scrutinized more carefully than those of nearly any other nation. They are the subject of close reporting and editorial comment from abroad. This is one of the consequences of being a superpower and an open society. Everything shows; everything that happens, creditable or not, is the subject for comment by foreign critics, friendly and unfriendly. American and foreign press coverage of civil rights problems in the United States is so complete that many foreigners believe the Negro population in the United States exceeds the white population. American citizens may bristle when foreigners express preferences in American elections; they may complain that elections are matters of domestic concern and that the United States can manage domestic problems without advice from abroad. Enough bristling on the part of Americans may even silence the critics. But the fact is that foreigners are not only interested in American elections; they may indeed be the beneficiaries or the victims of those elections. While a German, a Frenchman, a Chinese, or a Russian cannot vote in an American election, he may be blown up as the result of an American action traceable to the results of an election. The role of the United States in the world today, and the role of its citizens, is so important that no knowledgeable foreigner can remain unconcerned about American elections. His judgment may tell him to keep quiet because he can't influence the results, but his mind and heart will not remain neutral.

Americans must live with their power, accepting its advantages and its disadvantages. The price is often high. Americans will find themselves involved in conflicts against their will. They will find their motives questioned. They will find themselves damned if they act, and damned if they don't. When America stumbles there will be cheers. Because of their wealth, affluence, and power, Americans will be targets of hate for many governments and peoples of less fortunate states. At the same time, because of America's wealth and power, it will find that other states and peoples believe it to be an American duty to help them. And one of the tragic ironies of the situation is that the more the American system succeeds in producing wealth and power, the greater the demands that the wealth be shared and the power curtailed.

"Jeannie!"

In addition to these burdens of power and the jealousies that power incites, the United States finds that it bears special responsibilities for the maintenance of peace, for justice, and for the development of the well-being of the poor. And when there is instability, danger of war, or slow development, the United States is likely to find that it bears much of the blame for such conditions also.

PERHAPS the greatest price of power is responsibility and moderation in its use. The United States Government is subjected to constant pressures, abroad as well as at home, to use its power or influence on one side or another of emotional international issues. When the United States counsels moderation in the settlement of political disputes, emotionally involved partisans may be expected to accuse the United States of a lack of principle; when the United States imposes economic conditions on its aid programs it can expect to be charged with attempting to impose its economic system on other nations as the price of aid.

Although the United States gets both credit and blame for an omnipotence that exceeds its capacity to influence international events, the fact is that it labors under a world-wide scrutiny equalled only by that directed at the Soviet Union. But in the case of the United States, in contrast with the Soviet Union, its policies are open and subjected to constant world criticism and comment. This exposes the United States to charges of lack of constancy in policy and burdens the nation with special responsibilities for foreign policies that are even-handed and consistent on a world-wide basis.

The responsibilities of the United States as a superpower devolve finally upon the individual citizens of the nation. It is not enough in a democratic nation for only the President and his Secretary of State to understand the power of the nation as well as the limitations and burdens of that power. They can influence, but they cannot control the response of individual citizens. For this reason it is essential that each American citizen carry part of the burden and responsibility that power has imposed on the nation.

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The Withering Wit of Samuel Johnson

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

SOME MEN of letters are remembered mainly for what they wrote; others for what they were, for the impact of their personalities on their own and later generations. Big Samuel Johnson, Tory and devout believer, clearly belongs in the second category, along with his contemporary, the liberal Deist Voltaire, of whom he disapproved so heartily. (When Johnson expressed the opinion that Rousseau should be banished to penal servitude Boswell inquired: "Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" and received the stern reply: "Why, Sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them.")

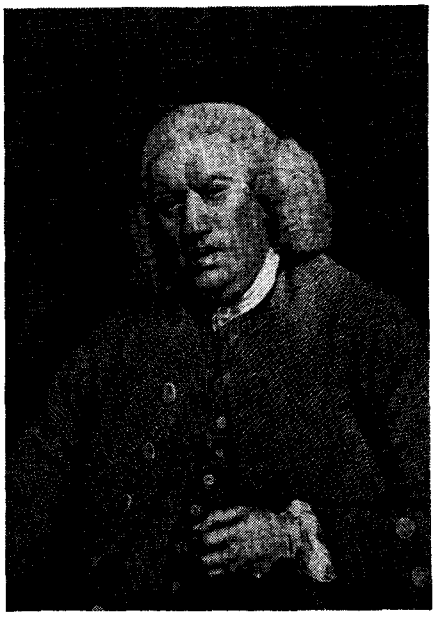
Johnson's *Dictionary,* a gallant pioneering effort, has long been superseded—even if one still recalls his highly subjective definitions of patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel and of oats as a grain in England generally fed to horses, but in Scotland to nourish the people. To say nothing of the following, which embarrassed Johnson a little when he became a pensioner himself: "Pension. An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

Johnson explained his acceptance of the 300 pounds a year granted him by a friendly administration in the reign of George III with the remark: "The pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover is amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

Of the eminent lexicographer's other works, only those in search of literary curiosities are now likely to turn to *Rasselas* or *The Rambler.* Even *The Lives of the Poets,* perhaps his best work, is no longer avidly read. But Johnson made his reputation in the time when the pension enabled him to take life more easily, to indulge in his weaknesses of sloth and procrastination and to offer little to the publishers, but much to the circle that was privileged to enjoy his incomparable powers as a conversationalist. A lion in controversy, he was the dominant figure in a society that included Edmund Burke and Edward Gibbon, Oliver Goldsmith and David Garrick, and many of the other wits and intellectuals of his time.

Words uttered in conversation are less sure of preservation than those committed to writing. But Johnson was singularly fortunate in sitting for his biographical portrait to an admiring young Scotch lawyer, James Boswell, indifferent in his profession, but an inveterate lion-hunter who attached himself to Johnson's star. With Boswell as the scribe, a vast number of Johnson's epigrams, witticisms, and caustic comments on men and human affairs achieved permanence in a work that is a model of straightforward naturalism.

Boswell operates like a skilled photographer, catching his hero in every conceivable pose and conveying him to the reader in colors of imperishable vividness. One can see Johnson preening himself after receiving the honor of a private audience and reception with King George III, walking up and down, "shaking his vast bulk" after he has administered what he regarded as an effective verbal chastisement, firing verbal volleys across the Atlantic at the rebellious American colonists, laughing with the good-humored growl that inspired the book dealer Tom Davies to remark: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."



Samuel Johnson — argument for argument's sake.

In Johnson's attitude toward his devoted follower there is an ambivalent mixture of tolerant affection and occasional bursts of irritated contempt, a point that appears quite clearly in Boswell's engagingly frank and artless narrative. One of the highlights of the "Life" is Boswell's account of his first meeting with Johnson. Knowing of Johnson's prejudice against Scots, Boswell pleaded with Tom Davies, who introduced him, not to mention to Johnson the country of his origin. Davies mischievously identified him as "Mr. Boswell from Scotland," whereupon the flustered Boswell remarked: "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." Johnson pounced on this like a cat on a mouse and observed, to the laughter of the company: "That, Sir, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help"—an allusion to the many Scots who found greener pastures in England.

Knocked down on his first trial, Boswell met a second repulse when, after Johnson complained that Garrick would not give him a pass to the theater, he rushed into the arena with the remark: "Oh, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." This elicited the stern rebuff which Johnson was not averse to administering: "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."

A less persistent man than Boswell might have thrown up the sponge after this; but Boswell picked himself up after his two falls and finally became an accepted companion of Johnson at the Mitre Inn and at his disorderly lodgings. Hence he was able to note down the enormous number of Johnsonian remarks which place all later biographers in his debt, even though the favor in which Johnson held him was a bit precarious. Boswell had a habit of asking boring speculative questions, such as "What would you do, Sir, if you were shut up in a castle with a baby?" And Johnson could occasionally floor his disciple with some such remark as "You have but two topics, yourself and me. I am sick of both."

Conversation among educated men in the eighteenth century was very different from the fragmented gabble of the over-

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crowded modern cocktail party. It flowed along for hours on a vast variety of subjects: the nature of man and society, history, politics, natural science, public events, the latest books and plays. It was not a set piece or debate, but there was an element of competition, with everyone trying to excel. In this art of brilliant, desultory talk, spiced by sharp clashes of opinion, Johnson was the acknowledged master.

To the knowledge derived from a vast stock of miscellaneous reading, reinforced by an excellent memory, this autocrat of London intellectual society added a love of argument for argument's sake, a sharp tongue, and a quick wit. As one of the members of his circle said, there was no arguing with Johnson; if his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt end. Some of Johnson's *obiter dicta* are self-explanatory; others figure in anecdotes. Here are a few specimens of the former:

"Depend upon it, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully."

"I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

"There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money."

"You may talk in this manner, but don't *think* foolishly."

"It is better that some should be unhappy than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality."

"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

"When a man is tired of London he is tired of life."

"His parts are pretty well for a Lord; but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing but his parts."

"A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not well done; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

"I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought on the subject."

"Don't, Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters."

"This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to."

"Clear your mind of cant."

"I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober."

"What enemy would invade Scotland, where there is nothing to be got?"

Not everyone, especially among those whom Johnson was in the habit of tossing and goring in his conversational sessions, appreciated his talk. But it is not only the adulatory Boswell who testifies to its fascination. Burke, after a session in which Johnson predominated, remarked: "It is enough for me to have rung the bell to him." The painter William Hogarth, at first unfavorably impressed by Johnson's scrofulous face and ungainly bulk, came to express the opinion that his "conversation was to the talk of other men like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's."

Behind the marvelous flow of talk was a personality of strong convictions dominated by conservative values, respect for the established order in state and church, enormous common sense, and robust courage. His letter of defiance to a certain Macpherson, who had published poems purporting to be translations from a legendary bard named Ossian and had threatened Johnson with physical violence when he disputed, quite correctly, their authenticity, is a model of its kind:

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian."

Johnson, who possessed more than the normal endowment of common sense, was the scourge of dreamers and sentimentalists. Mrs. Thrale, wife of the wealthy brewer whose comfortable house was often a welcome asylum to Johnson, praised the talent of Garrick for light verse and cited for admiration his line: "I'd smile with the simple and feed with the poor." Johnson demolished this with the following broadside:

"Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Smile with the simple; what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich."

Boswell, who made a practice of repeating Johnson's sallies to those at whom they were aimed, repeated this criticism to Garrick, "and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated." Sometimes Boswell was not very perceptive in anticipating the reactions of other people.

There is a record best told in Boswell's words, of a delightful episode when an unlucky visitor began to set forth the idea that there might be a future life for animals:

"Johnson, who did not like to hear of anything concerning a future state which was not authorized by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and, being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious metaphysical pensive face addressed him, 'But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog we don't know what to think of him,' Johnson, rolling with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly around and replied: 'True, Sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow* we don't know what to think of *him*.' He then rose up, strode to the fire

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"It's just my area-code number."

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Saturday Review

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An Invitation to Return to Cam Ne

THE EDITORS are embarking on a project in Vietnam and invite the participation of *SR*'s readers. The project has come about as the result of a report from South Vietnam on the Columbia Broadcasting System's TV evening news program of August 3. The program quoted a cable from Morley Safer, CBS correspondent in South Vietnam.

Mr. Safer's cable said the U.S. Marines are under orders to burn to the ground any hamlet from which they receive so much as a single burst of sniper fire. Mr. Safer witnessed such a situation when he was with elements of the First Battalion, U.S. Ninth Marines, as they approached the South Vietnamese village of Cam Ne.

There was a burst of sniper fire from an unidentified direction, Mr. Safer said. In retaliation, the Marines burned down an estimated 150 dwellings in Cam Ne —using cigarette lighters, then flame throwers.

"Old men and women," Mr. Safer reported, "who were pleading with the Marines to spare their houses were ignored, and the houses were burned with the total belongings of the people. Pleas to delay the burnings so that belongings could be removed were ignored. All rice stores were burned as well.

"The day's operations netted about four prisoners—old men. Two Marines were wounded, both by their own fire, although this has been denied. . . ."

One of the inexplicable aspects of the episode was that the Marines were issuing orders to the Vietnamese in English. They had with them no bilingual interpreters. When, therefore, the Marines ordered the people to come out of their underground shelters before the houses were burned, the people, not comprehending, stayed where they were. Safer pleaded with the Marines to allow his cameraman, who knew the language, to communicate with the people. Permission was given; the cameraman told the people what to do, and they evacuated in time to avert being burned down in their homes.

"In Vietnam, like everywhere else in Asia," Mr. Safer said, "a home is everything. A man lives with his family on ancestral land. His parents are buried nearby. Their spirit is part of his holding. If there were Vietcong in the hamlet [Cam Ne], they were long gone . . . alerted by the roar of the amphibious tractors and a heavy barrage of rocket fire laid down before the troops moved in. The women and the old men who remained will never forget that August afternoon.

"There is little doubt that American firepower can win a military victory here. But to a Vietnamese peasant whose home means a lifetime of back-breaking labor, it will take more than Presidential promise to convince him we are on his side."

A U.S. Defense Department spokesman has replied to the CBS account. He said it is U.S. policy in Vietnam to protect civilians and win their confidence. Some Marines have lost their lives, he said, just in the act of helping civilians. Houses and villages are not burned down unless they are fortified. Cam Ne was one such Vietcong stronghold. He also said that U.S. helicopters had warned the village prior to the ground attack and that only fifty houses were burned to the ground.

Mr. Safer, informed of this statement, has said that his original account is correct. He also asserts there was no helicopter warning.

What is the basic issue raised by Cam Ne?

The issue is not whether there was or was not a warning by helicopter. Even if there had been warning by helicopter —although it is difficult to comprehend how the presence of a helicopter overhead could have been translated into a specific warning by the Vietnamese villagers—this doesn't change the implications of the action that followed the warning.

Nor is the basic issue here whether 150 homes were burned to the ground, as Mr. Safer says, or whether 50 homes were burned to the ground, as the Defense Department official says. The number could have been five or 500 without changing the essential problem posed.

Nor is the basic issue here whether U.S. forces have the right to defend themselves against attack. Of course fighting men have to defend themselves. But that right is not involved in a case where people who have nothing to do with the attack are deliberately punished for the actions of one or more of the members of the group.

It will be said that the action at Cam Ne is mild alongside the unremitting campaign of brutality and assassination pursued by the Vietcong over a period of years. This is true. But that is not the point. The point is that the United States went into Vietnam in the first place to save it from wanton terror. In fact, the day after the news accounts of the action against Cam Ne, the United States appealed to the world to observe humane rules of warfare.

The basic issue before the American people, then, has to do with proportion. Proportion is another word for morality or justice. When the Nazis in Norway and France and Czechoslovakia and a dozen other places burned whole cities to the ground in revenge for the actions of one or more of their citizens, or as object lessons to deter further attack or sabotage, Americans reacted with a scalding sense of moral outrage. The same was true when the Soviet Union plowed into Hungary, not merely putting down anti-Communist riots, but ruthlessly punishing the Hungarian community-at-large. The issue in both cases was the scale of the repression and the brutality of the action over and above even the grim requirements of war or

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In Search of Adventure

In Mrs. Joseph Silverman's letter to the editor of July 10, under the headline "First Things First," she wondered if we should be racing to the moon when we have so many problems on earth.

Now ethologists tell us of "displacement activities," the actions of an animal who for some reason cannot perform an activity appropriate under the circumstances, so does something else (sometimes quite bizarre). Two male sticklebacks, about to fight but not quite ready, often dig at the aquarium bottom, making typical nest-building movements. Belligerent herring gulls also go through parts of the nest-building patterns instead of fighting, and the oyster-catchers and avocets may seem to go to sleep.

Since *Homo sapiens* invented cultural evolution, the chances are that his present biological nature is frozen *in situ*. This means that mankind is probably stuck with his present emotional makeup, his nervous system (including its old, primitive, and rebellious parts). If a solution to the human dilemma is to be found, it seems it must be done within the shell of this biological being.

Studies of social behavior of other primates show a great diversity of patterns. Since behavior leaves no bones, not much is known about the development of the social behavior of man's immediate ancestors. However, we can perhaps make some guesses from our knowledge of primitive societies and of the great sweep of history itself. We can guess that the great male way of making a living was to band together in what was sometimes an uneasy and fragile cooperation for the great hunt, the big fishing trip, the search together for the way across the mountains, the voyage to the greener island, and later, for gold, jewels, oil, and the spices of the Indies.

Often such a male venture meant a concerted attack on a neighboring tribe for possession of territory, wealth, women, or freedom from fear. The institution of warfare has not changed much since those days as a violent, emotional, and often thrilling (for men) experience.

Since hunting territories are little needed these days, displacement activities seem to be in order. What could be more fraught with drama, more capable of enlisting the old savage urge to band together for the great conquest, than the race for space? Certainly Martian exploration is preferable to nuclear annihilation. Perhaps we *can* afford Major White's joy in space-walking. If it serves as an adequate displacement activity for warfare, perhaps we *must* afford it.

Mrs. Keller Breland,
Animal Behavior Enterprises.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Addict's Advice

In a letter to the editor [*SR*, Aug. 7] H. Raymond Cluster seeks a remedy for his Double-Crostic problem. It is apparent, however, that Mr. Cluster is not yet completely addicted, despite all his fears. The true addict completes the Double-Crostic the very day *SR* arrives in the mail, foregoing meals, appointments, and sleep if necessary.

When Mr. Cluster resolves to apply himself more earnestly to the joys of total addiction, his problem will vanish, and he'll be able to read the entire magazine in complete freedom from anxiety as to what page carries the solution to last week's puzzle.

Please keep us advised of his progress.

Mary E. Klein.

Fullerton, Calif.

"Try ignoring him."

Pox Romana

May the ghost of the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus bite Horace Sutton. His story on the ugly Americanization of Rome [*SR*, Aug. 14] displayed an incredible lack of taste. He actually applauds the coming of the infernal hamburger to the Eternal City. And—unbelievable!—he issues instructions on how to *rush* through an Italian meal. He is positively gleeful that you can find restaurants with "American-style cafeteria service."

I am so incensed by his boorishness that I wish I could remember the Italian words for "Drop dead."

I look forward to his next piece on how to see the Louvre in three minutes.

Herbert Ringold.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Off Target

Robert Lewis Shayon suspects that Robert Welch of the John Birch Society may be wrong "that there is only one side, his side, to every question" [*SR*, Aug. 14]. Mr. Welch would be a fool if he said that. But to quote Mr. Shayon's quote, Mr. Welch said that "there aren't two sides to every question." That's a somewhat different proposition, and somewhat more difficult to refute. Given the choice, I'd rather defend that one than attack it.

Mr. Shayon should be more careful. With a target the size of Robert Welch, leader of the John Birch Society, there's no excuse for missing.

D. R. Deetz.

Columbus, O.

Mistaken Identity

Let me protest against an untrue reference to myself underneath a photograph of Jean-Paul Sartre's hands in your issue of June 12. Evidently it is quoted from the sound track of Alfred A. Knopf's interesting motion picture documentary of his authors.

Surely Mr. Knopf meant no mischief. Whenever we have met I have found him friendly, although of course I have not been a prolific enough writer to interest him as a publisher. Doubtless the present prevarication was a slip of his memory.

To the best of my knowledge I have never been in the same room with M. Sartre; certainly I have never conversed with him; and I cannot remember ever having called anyone *cher maître*. It would not have been he in any case. I admire him only slightly, although I am conscious of his importance. For one thing, he personifies the great German philosophical influence on French culture which has been one of the more lasting effects of World War II.

Glenway Wescott.

Rosemont, N.J.

Editor's note: *Our apologies to Mr. Wescott; the fault was SR's, not Mr. Knopf's. The caption that appeared in the magazine was an early version that was deleted from Mr. Knopf's finished film. The editors should have double-checked before the article went to press.*

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The Uncommon Touch

ONLY A handful of museums are blessed with a painting by Jan Vermeer. New York's Frick Collection, however, has three, as well as two works by the even more rarely seen Sienese artist, Duccio. In addition, the Frick boasts such an assemblage of peerless masterpieces as to leave the knowledgeable visitor slightly dizzy. And it is to the knowledgeable visitor that this small museum especially appeals. For here there are no "fireworks," no changing exhibitions, no Madison Avenue publicity.

To my mind the Frick is the finest of all small galleries, distinguished by superb art shown in intimate surroundings where one can wander in peace—at least on weekdays. Weekends find the museum more crowded. The collection, housed in Henry Clay Frick's handsome home, has been somewhat enlarged since the donor's death in 1919, just as the building itself has. Established for the purpose of "encouraging and developing the study of the fine arts," the museum is less concerned with the number of lookers than with the quality of their looking.

What always impresses me is the total absence of routine works. Slowly one realizes that each painting, each small Renaissance bronze, each eighteenth-century terra cotta is a key object of major importance. Ranging chiefly from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, the collection does not pretend to be a comprehensive survey of art. But for me it is always an island of delight in a frantic city, and from me it always arouses paeans of praise.

Who, indeed, can remain unmoved by the two greatest Rembrandts in New York, the relentless *Self-Portrait* and the enigmatic *Polish Rider* moving across a mysterious, warmly brushed landscape? As for landscapes, one immediately turns to Giovanni Bellini's *St. Francis in Ecstasy*, perhaps the earliest Italian composition to use landscape not merely as a background but as a dominant expressive element. From the century before comes a touching panel by the little-known Barna da Siena showing Christ bearing the cross accompanied by a tiny kneeling Dominican monk, presumably the donor.

It is not my intention to describe all the outstanding works at the Frick. Yet one cannot pass lightly over two superlative Holbein portraits or equally impressive ones by Hals, Ingres, David, and Van Dyck. And it is not every day that you happen on a Van Eyck altarpiece or the only known terra cotta version of Houdon's famous *Diana the Huntress*. Some visitors find the eighteenth-century French rooms, with their rich concentrations of Bouchers and Fragonards, the most exciting part of the collection. And certainly it is no ordinary experience to see these beguilingly frivolous paintings in settings enhanced by furniture, sculpture, and decorative objects of the period.

Because the building was originally a home, albeit a grandiose one, the usual institutional symmetry is minimized. One thinks of other excellent now public collections still installed in the homes of their late owners, but neither in Europe nor America can I recall any that compares in over-all quality with the Frick.

One of the museum's most prized canvases is small, modest, and vastly renowned. Painted by the Dutch seventeenth-century artist Jan Vermeer, very few of whose works are extant, it is called *Officer and Laughing Girl* (see cover), and at first glance this is precisely what one sees—a man and smiling woman sitting across from each other in a tranquil domestic interior. But there is more to the picture. There is first and foremost Vermeer's magical brand of light. It plays over every inch of the painting, over garments, windowpanes, wall, furniture, faces, and a curiously obtrusive map. It models and defines each object. It is a living force, more alive than the strangely frozen couple. This light with which Vermeer transformed the ordinary into the extraordinary is his trademark. Not until two hundred years later was any other artist to become so involved with natural luminosity.

The map closely resembles an early one of North America, a not surprising decoration for a home in Holland, since the Dutch were already in New York at the time the picture was painted sometime between 1655 and 1660. But on closer study it turns out to be a "New and Accurate Map of All Holland and West Frisia," as its title indicates. Almost abstract in its insistent surface texture, the map acts as a rectangular foil for the daringly foreshortened contour of the seated man.

That Vermeer's pictures are small, that only a few exist, and that they deal with humble Dutch themes did not prevent the artist from becoming a towering figure in the history of painting. Infusing his deceptively simple scenes with subtle atmospheric effects, he extracted the utmost order from his daily surroundings, an order so far-reaching as to influence our own century.

New Yorkers are fortunate. In the space of a few blocks they may enjoy seven paintings by Vermeer, three at the Frick and four at the Metropolitan. With the possible exception of Holland, this is true nowhere else in the world.

—KATHARINE KUH.

—*The Frick Collection.*

"Christ Bearing the Cross," by Barna da Siena

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Slow or Sudden Falls the Darkness

THE TWO books I am reviewing this week have only one thing in common: each is the author's second novel. Romulus Linney's *Slowly, By Thy Hand Unfurled* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50) was preceded in 1962 by *Heathen Valley*. Before writing *The Minutes of the Night* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95), Mary Carter had published *A Fortune in Dimes* (1963). In both cases I was somewhat more interested in the first novel than I was in the second.

Linney's *Heathen Valley* is an ambitious book that tells an unusual story. Set in the North Carolina Mountains in the middle of the nineteenth century, it is in part an account of the life of William Starns, a man who demanded independence and was willing to pay any price for it. In a strange way his life becomes linked with that of Bishop Ames, an earnest and eloquent preacher. Together they invade a remote valley whose inhabitants have rejected or forgotten the religious beliefs of their ancestors and have set up barbaric rituals of their own. The complicated tale of what happens to the people of the valley as well as to Starns and the bishop is told with much skill and with strong feeling for the characters presented.

I was not disappointed by *Slowly, By Thy Hand Unfurled*. It is different from *Heathen Valley*, but not inferior. Indeed, it is an extraordinary *tour de force*. But it does lack the power and range of the earlier book.

The novel is simply the journal of an unnamed and not particularly well-educated woman, wife of a country storekeeper. She has one daughter, Eve, and has lost another, Alice. Two sons, Ed and Charlie, are away in the city. In her journal the mother grieves for her dead child and worries over her living children. She sees herself, and for a time we see her, as a virtuous, self-sacrificing wife and mother, sorely afflicted by the Lord.

Eve dies, and we read in the journal:

> O what a barren day this has been No one can tell what it is How I miss my precious child my darling Evie my babe my pride my great joy O with what anguish I saw the shadow of death pass over that beautiful face. I cannot forget it is engravind on my heart and soul forever I suppose I ought not to think of it so much God help me to remember that it is He who had taken my jewel from me I must not forget how he has left me my husband dear David out pitching horseshoes the day after the funeral how can he do it but he is a man and I must be glad he is left to me because he has been very kind these last few days in this great sorrow And I still have my precious boys but they are in the city Still they are mine And so many kind friends sympathizing with me gathering around me in this time of bereavement I must give thanks give thanks

As the days and years go by, the diarist finds occasion to record neighboring events, such as the stirring happenings on one Fourth of July, but by and large she concentrates on her family. Although she tries to conceal the facts from herself, the family situation is going from bad to worse, and the reader, judging as much by what she doesn't write as by what she does, sees with increasing clarity that she is not the woman she pretends to be. In time we even know why Charlie, her only surviving child, accuses her of killing his brother and sisters. At the same time her powers of self-analysis are growing, and we see more clearly into her domineering nature.

The skill with which Linney has maintained the tone of a middle-aged, half-illiterate, self-deceiving woman is remarkable. Even more remarkable is the depth of the revelation he has achieved by this singularly difficult device. The title by the way comes from a fine hymn:

> Slowly, by thy Hand Unfurled
> Down upon the weary world
> Falls the darkness. O how still
> Is the working of thy Will.

Mary Carter's first novel, *A Fortune in Dimes*, is concerned with the life of the sons and daughters of well-to-do people in Southern California. In particular there are three boys, all about to enter college as the story begins. Each of them has trouble at home, and each copes with his problem according to his nature. One of them becomes involved in a highly romantic love affair—something that I suspect is more common in life these days than in fiction. Although Miss Carter runs into difficulties in handling her complex story, and now and then slips into slickness, she does have

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a feeling for the giddy, aimless, destructive life she describes.

The Minutes of the Night is more pretentious and less successful. Miss Carter imagines that there is an imminent danger of nuclear attack (the details are not altogether convincing). Sequoia, an isolated community in Northern California, has been described in some magazine as "the Safest Town in the USA." One of the town's residents, John Lucas, an architect with a wife and three children, tries to maintain his sanity and that of his family, but the hysteria is almost irresistible. Moreover, people from the threatened coastal cities crowd into Sequoia, and, if only on that account, the situation in town is ominous. The Lucases have refugees of their own, who make matters difficult.

Miss Carter very nicely presents the trivialities that would almost certainly occupy most people's minds in such a crisis, but she concentrates so much on the people of Sequoia that one forgets that the nation and the world are menaced. She does render well the sense of individual helplessness inevitably created by such an emergency. And, as in the earlier novel, she is an excellent student of contemporary manners. But she cannot measure up to the size of the problem she has set herself.

The second novel is always a stumbling block; particularly, of course, for the writer who has had a striking success, but for others too. Miss Carter, I'm afraid, made the mistake of trying something too big for her to handle. Linney, wisely, chose a rather narrow theme but one that posed a technical problem that would stretch his imagination and strengthen his craftsmanship.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

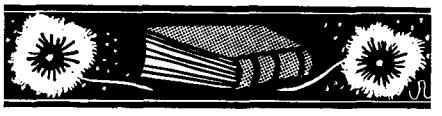
ON THE FRINGE

The San Francisco Beat

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI stopped briefly in New York City on his way home to San Francisco after six months in Europe. For those not hip to Ferlinghetti (and probably my use of the word "hip" marks me as square), he is one of the major names in what has been labeled the "San Francisco Renaissance." He is a poet (to date there are 165,000 copies in print of his best-known poetry collection, *A Coney Island of the Mind*, according to New Directions, publishers of the $1 paperback); he is also a bookstore owner (City Lights Bookshop in San Francisco) and the publisher of City Lights Books, whose Pocket Poets series has brought forth Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and *Kaddish*.

"I've been labeled 'Beat' because I publish the Beat writers," the soft-spoken poet with the graying beard said, "but I don't know if I'm cool enough to be Beat. After all, I'm about ten years older than that generation. I'm forty-five. I've been asked why I don't disassociate from the Beats. As if they are doing me harm. No, I publish them and they're good friends of mine. And, moreover, Ginsberg and Corso and Bob Kaufman are great poets, and Ginsberg is the Most poet since Whitman.

"As a publisher, I do about six to eight books per year. I could publish more but because I have a bookstore I am aware of the current diarrhea of the printing press. Gutenberg had a good idea with movable type but someone ran away with it. I try to publish only what will have significance for the future. This fall I'm doing an *Artaud Anthology*. This is the first of Antonin Artaud's writing, aside from his theater pieces, to be collected. He was a French poet, dramatist, madman, and drug addict. He was in a mental institution



all the years Hitler dominated Europe. I've even got a big section of the drawings he did in the madhouse. It is a paperbound book, 300 pages for $3. I can do that because I don't have any of the overhead of a big press. I'm the only editor and I use a British printer.

"The Coast? It's still the last frontier but don't ask me what's going on there. I've been away for six months."

About those six months: The Ferlinghetti itinerary included Spain, France, Italy (Spoleto, to be specific), and England. Ferlinghetti made news along the way. During International Poetry Week at the annual Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds, he read a prose poem entitled

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Pound at Spoleto

AT NOON I WALKED into a loge in the Teatro Melissa, the lovely Renaissance salle where the poetry readings and the chamber concerts were held every day of the Spoleto Festival, and suddenly saw Ezra Pound for the first time, sitting still as a Chinese statue in a box at the back of the theater, one tier up from the stalls. It was a shock. I knew he was coming later yet didn't recognize him in the first instant, seeing only a striking old man in a curious pose, thin and long-haired, aquiline at eighty, head tilted strangely to one side, lost in some permanent abstraction. Thus he sat throughout the noon concert.

At five P.M. I went back to the box where I could see Pound again across from me. After three younger poets on stage, he was scheduled to read from his box, and there he sat with his Olga (who held his papers) waiting, in the same pose as at noon, as if he had been there all afternoon. His head now bent, he regarded the knuckles of his hands, moving them a very little, expressionless. Fine hands, delicate and strong, perhaps arthritic. Otherwise he remained fixed. Only once, when everyone else in the full theater was applauding someone on stage, did he rouse himself to clap, without looking up, mechanically, as if stimulated by sound in a void. Pavlov. After almost an hour, his turn came. Or after a life.

He was introduced by Desmond O'Grady, young Irish poet-professor, friend of Pound. Everyone in the hall rose, turned and looked back and up at Pound in his booth, applauding. The applause was prolonged. A microphone was partly in the way. He grasped the arms of the chair with his bony hands and tried to rise. He could not and he tried again and could not. His Olga did not try to help him. Finally she put a poem in his hand. First his jaw moved, and after at least a minute his voice came out, inaudible. A young Italian pulled the stand-up microphone close to his face and held it there and the voice came over, frail but stubborn, higher than I had expected, a thin, soft monotone. The hall had fallen silent at a stroke. The voice knocked me down, so soft, so thin, so frail, so stubborn still. I put my head on my arms on the velvet sill of the box. I was surprised to see a single tear drop on my knee. The thin, indomitable voice went on. I shook with it. Come to this! I went blind from the box, through the back door of it into the empty upper corridor of the theater where they still sat turned to him, went down and out into the sunlight, weeping . . . Up above the town, by the ancient aqueduct, the chestnut trees were still in bloom. Birds flew in the valley below, far off, the sun shone on the chestnut trees, and the leaves turned in the sun, and turned and turned and turned, and would continue turning. His voice went on, and on, through the leaves. —LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI.

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"Where Is Vietnam?," which begins, "Meanwhile back at the Ranch the then President also known as Colonel Cornpone. . . ." At the Royal Albert Hall in London he read his "The Situation in the West, Followed by a Holy Proposal." The proposal leans heavily on a certain four-letter word. Of his reading, Lawrence Ferlinghetti says: "No one wants to be called a dirty old man shouting obscenities. I tried the word in other languages but it didn't work. There was no way to get around it so I tried to make it holy.

"There were two or three exiled Spanish poets at Spoleto. They couldn't believe that I could publish my poem about Vietnam in the United States. I told them: 'Certainly I can. I've published criticism before, but that is the glory of the States.' You appreciate it so much abroad. I met some Americans living in Italy and they were happy about the poem, too. It was proof that we can say what we want.

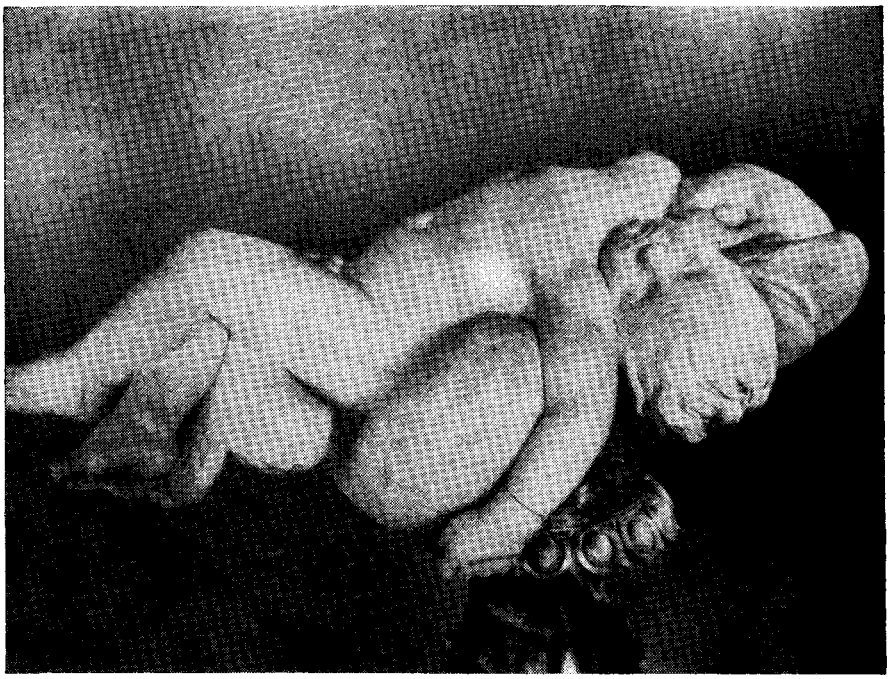
"That's what's so important about international conferences. You establish direct communication with people. It does away with international paranoia. In London we really established a rapport with Voznesensky. He speaks some English. At Albert Hall, Ginsberg read a passage from his *Kaddish* and Voznesensky read a poem back about the 'Bells of Moscow.'

"I looked forward to meeting Evtushenko at Spoleto. Ginsberg told me to 'give him my love' when we met, but it never happened. I heard that Evtushenko wasn't coming because of Ezra Pound being at the Festival. Evtushenko didn't want to be associated with Pound because of the anti-Semitic taint to Pound's name. Finally, Evtushenko did arrive. It took two diplomatic limousines to bring him. I wanted to get a copy of his poem on the Bratsk hydroelectric dam, an anti-Stalinist poem which the censors demanded 450 changes in. I never got to him. He recited and immediately after split for Rome. That is the sort of international paranoia that perpetuates the Cold War.

"Ezra Pound got a loud reaction. It was good. Gian Carlo Menotti, the man behind the Festival, was worried about Italians shouting 'Fascist' at Pound, so there were some Italian police there by invitation, but nothing occurred."

Lawrence Ferlinghetti fished out a spiral notebook from his pocket and let me read the notes he made on Ezra Pound's appearance at the Festival of Two Worlds. To my joy and amazement, he typed out a copy of the notes and sent it on to me the day after our meeting. Written on the spot by Lawrence Ferlinghetti at Spoleto, they are printed on page 20. Ferlinghetti's kindness is matched by his talent.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.



—*From the book.*

Dead boy on a dolphin—"guardian of safe journey."

Oasis in a Desert of Time

Deities and Dolphins: The Story of the Nabataeans, *by Nelson Glueck (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 650 pp. $15), provides a definitive history of a gifted and nearly forgotten people. Fred Gladstone Bratton, formerly professor of Biblical languages and literature at Springfield College, wrote "The First Heretic: The Life and Times of Ikhnaton the King."*

By FRED GLADSTONE BRATTON

THE DESPERATE Arab-Israeli struggle for water has once again brought the Negev Desert and Transjordan into the world spotlight. Two millennia ago the Nabataeans solved the problem by building water-catchments on the hillsides with channels sloping down to cisterns and reservoirs. These terraces are intact today, and the cisterns still hold water.

These gifted people—their engineering projects, towns, temples, art, and religion —are the subject of *Deities and Dolphins,* a comprehensive volume, beautifully designed and profusely illustrated. The author, Nelson Glueck, president of Hebrew Union College, also wrote *Rivers in the Desert: A History of the Negev.*

The kingdom of the Nabataeans at one time extended from Syria to Sinai, and was the crossroads of the Mediterranean world. Its capital was Petra, "the rose-red city, half as old as time." The Nabataeans flourished from approximately 200 B.C. to 200 A.D., their rise being as rapid as their eclipse. During this brief span of 400 years they experienced a rich cultural growth in art and architecture, enjoyed flourishing commercial relations with neighboring nations, and developed agricultural skills unexcelled among ancient peoples. Originally Semitic nomads from Arabia, they settled in Moab, Edom, Sinai, and the Negev. In addition to their own dialect they used Greek and Aramaic, and were in close contact with the Hasmoneans and Herodians of Judaea. In the second century A.D. they were absorbed in the Roman Provincia Arabia and were not heard from again. The survivors became Christians, and their temples were transformed into Byzantine churches.

THE present volume is based primarily on Dr. Glueck's excavations in 1937 of Khirbet Tannur (in present-day Jordan), seat of the worship of a deity whom Glueck calls "Zeus-Hadad" and of his queen, Atargatis (Aphrodite?). Many of the more than 200 plates present details of this sacred precinct. The book also incorporates the results of his survey of more than 1,500 sites in Jordan and Israel, carried out during 1932-47 and 1952-63.

The isolated sanctuary of Khirbet

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Tannur was one of the few temples to escape conversion into a Byzantine church. Its dramatic position commanding the countryside would indicate, according to the author, that it was a national shrine. The Great High Place at Petra was similarly situated and designed.

One of the many objects uncovered at Khirbet Tannur was a stone bust of the goddess Atargatis wearing a tiara composed of two dolphins. Glueck essays in his book to explain the appearance of sculptured dolphins in this landlocked region at the edge of the Arabian desert. He finds the answer in the Nabataeans' ever-widening travels in pursuit of trade, and the resultant contact with the Greeks and other seafaring peoples to whom the dolphin was "the harbinger of fair weather, the guarantor of successful enterprise, the guardian of safe journey. . . ."

The failure of the Nabataeans to retain their existence as a separate people is attributed by the author to their lack of "the indestructible ideas of Greek philosophy, Roman law, and Hebrew religion"; their worship of the divine was almost entirely limited to "supplication for food and fortune in this world and in the hereafter. It carried with it even in the midst of a brilliant period of efflorescence the irresistible causes of disintegration and disappearance."

Layman and scholar alike must admire Dr. Glueck's felicitous style as well as the years of dedicated effort that have gone into this work of outstanding archeological scholarship, which forges another link in the chain of lost civilizations.

The Qumran Quandary

The Dead Sea Scrolls: A New Historical Approach, *By Cecil Roth (Norton. 99 pp. $4.50), presents a novel and controversial hypothesis concerning the origin and meaning of the Qumran documents. Theodor H. Gaster, author of "The Dead Sea Scriptures in English Translation," is professor of ancient civilizations at Fairleigh Dickinson University and adjunct professor of religion at Columbia University.*

By THEODOR H. GASTER

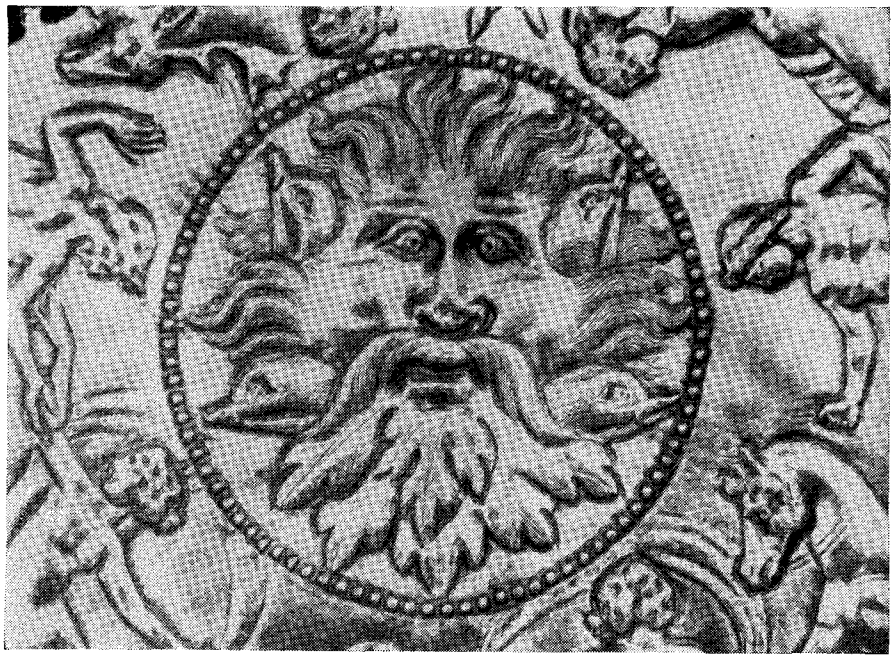
EVEN today, after prolonged discussion, no one can say for certain who wrote the Dead Sea Scrolls. The prevailing theory (not without its difficulties) is that they are the literature of the Essenes, a pietistic sect whose members were still to be found on the western shores of the Dead Sea in the first century A.D. Many of the beliefs and practices of that sect, as recorded by Josephus and Philo, seem indeed to be reflected in the Qumran documents.

Dr. Cecil Roth, the eminent Jewish historian, now comes up with another hypothesis. The writers of the Scrolls, he says, were not the Essenes but the Zealots, a party of fanatical anti-Roman revolutionaries organized by a certain Judah the Galilean about 6 A.D. Josephus tells us that at the beginning of the revolt in 66 A.D. an extremist wing of the Zealots led by Menahem, grandson of the slain founder, stormed the Roman fortress of Masadah and, after rifling the arsenal, marched upon Jerusalem. In that city the more moderate forces of Eleazar the priest, Captain of the Temple, had already scored notable successes. Menahem, however, pursued the attack with far greater savagery. Flushed with triumph, he then began throwing his weight around and assuming the role of a tyrant. Thereupon Eleazar rallied his own followers against the upstart, and when Menahem went up in full grandeur to sacrifice in the Temple, Eleazar's forces fell upon him, driving him to neighboring Ophel, where he was eventually slain. His surviving followers returned to Masadah, where they held out against the Romans for another seven years.

It is these events, Roth claims, that are reflected in the Scrolls. The celebrated Teacher of Righteousness is Menahem; the Wicked Priest who (according to the Commentary on Habakkuk) set upon him on the Day of Atonement is Eleazar. The "house of Absalom," which is castigated for not coming to his aid, are the followers of a certain Absalom said by Josephus to have been Menahem's principal associate. Furthermore, the fact that a portion of a Qumran liturgy has actually turned up at Masadah shows, in Roth's opinion, that the occupants of both centers belonged to the same party, and we know that Masadah was held by the Zealots.

At first blush all this sounds plausible enough, and Roth writes as though only purblindness could contest it. There are, however, formidable objections. In the first place, Roth cavalierly shrugs off the evidence of paleography, which shows, in the opinion of most experts, that many of the crucial texts on which he relies were in fact written before 66 A.D. To be sure, Hebrew paleography is not yet the exact science which some of its practitioners claim it to be; but we already know enough to recognize that the Scrolls were written over several centuries, whereas Roth's hypothesis necessitates that they be squeezed into a few years.

Secondly, Roth has to turn the excoriated Absalom into an enemy of Mena-



—*From "Deities and Dolphins."*

Fourth-century silver dish found at Mildenhall, England, showing mask of Oceanus, deity of sea-faring peoples, with dolphins emerging from his hair.

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hem, and for this there is no evidence.

Thirdly, Roth overplays the fact that Josephus characterizes Menahem as a *sophos* (a term which Lucian applies to Jesus!). This, he says, means something like "scholar," and implies that Menahem was a religious teacher, not merely a military Hotspur, and that his movement had religious motivation. But Greek writers like Herodotus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Plato use this term also in the sense of "smart aleck," and this need be all that Josephus meant.

Fourthly, according to competent observers, the terrain between Masadah and Qumran is too rough to assume the regular communication between them that would support the idea that the men of Qumran were a wing of the Zealot movement at Masadah. The presence of similar liturgies at both places does not prove daily rapport any more than would the fact that American troops on Iwo Jima and in the Ardennes were supplied with similar Bibles and prayerbooks. Both groups may simply have shared certain religious ideas.

Apart from these specific objections, Roth's thesis seems to labor under a misconception which has bedeviled much of the writing about the Scrolls. This is that literature found in a particular locality must necessarily have been composed by inhabitants of that locality and can therefore be read as testimony to their history. It is possible that the Qumran documents represent a type of writing which had been circulating widely for centuries, and which the men of the Qumran community collected and copied because it provided a time-hallowed authority for their aspirations and endeavors.

As a matter of fact, the Qumran texts are studded with clichés which recur in pseudepigraphic literature of the first and second centuries B.C. and which therefore suggest that at least some of them were composed at a far earlier date than Roth's theory requires. Furthermore, we should not dismiss too lightly the possibility that many seemingly historical allusions in the Scrolls are in fact purely typological expressions. In this respect, it is significant that in the Commentary on Micah the expression "teachers of righteousness" occurs in the plural (as the explanation of a Biblical word in the plural), showing that this was a title applied to more than one person; hence these references need not be geared to any single individual. Similarly, names like "the house of Absalom" or "the wilderness of Damascus" may be purely figurative, like Gehenna and Armageddon elsewhere.

All in all, then, there are too many uncertainties in Roth's ingenious hypothesis to convert us all into Zealots for it.

A Good Soldier Himself

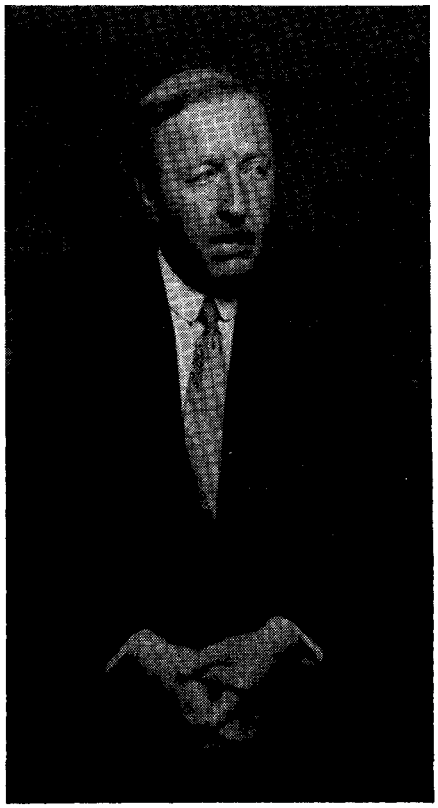
***Letters of Ford Madox Ford,** edited by Richard M. Ludwig (Princeton University Press. 335 pp. $8.50), reveal a richer mind and more sympathetic personality than generally accorded the author of the Tietjens tetralogy. Leon Edel won a Pulitzer Prize for his study "Henry James: The Middle Years."*

By LEON EDEL

To SOME of his readers, Ford Madox Ford has seemed one of the more superficial of the late Victorian and Edwardian novelists. He wrote a significant First World War tetralogy, and his 1915 novel, *The Good Soldier*, is considered a masterpiece of novelistic technique. His output was enormous (some seventy-five books in less than fifty years) but much of his writing was hack work. And then he was one of those personages—delightful in conversation but dubious in print—who like to spin yarns without regard for fact. This is harmless enough and even beguiling so long as actual persons are not involved. H. G. Wells described this trait in Ford as "a copious carelessness of reminiscence." A heavy, sprawling, walrusy sort of man, generous and easygoing, he had the look of indolence in spite of his industry; for all his splendid definitions of the artist's job, and his legendary collaboration with Joseph Conrad, he did not make an artist's exacting demands of himself.

The present collection of letters, cautiously and even parsimoniously edited by Richard M. Ludwig, reveals a richer mind and a more sympathetic personality than one would have suspected. Ford might be judged superficial, but he was percipient and sensitive, and he had the novelist's eye. Some of his letters to Conrad from the 1914-18 trenches are filled with the poetry of life in the midst of the mud and filth; they show the spirit of the good soldier, who refuses to capitulate to the bestialities of war. He listens to the way sounds come to him. He takes notes of his fears and reflexes. Nightmare and brutality do not dull his feelings. "This morning I was standing in a pail like Adam before the fall when some shrapnel burst overhead—and I was amused to discover that I grabbed for a shirt before a tin hat." Or to another correspondent, ". . . a dreamy sort of life in a gray green country and even the shells as they set out on their long journeys seem tired." After the war there were nagging money needs. Ford's letters to editors and publishers are resourceful; they show that he had to be industrious in spite of his innate lethargy. There is a note of languid acceptance of a hard truth in his off-hand remark, "We most of us have so much to overwrite ourselves to get the little thin oatmeal."

Ford certainly overwrote. He was a chivalrous man with codes and gallantries and he had wives and mistresses and children to provide for. The son of a German musicologist named Hueffer who married the daughter of a pre-Raphaelite painter, Ford—as he preferred to call himself—had begun writing with an enormous talent. But the war broke his health; and marital problems and middle age did the rest. He would have liked to be a gentleman farmer; and he gardened much in Provence, where he took life as it came, enjoyed the wine and the food, and wrote his thousand words a day. Yet in this continual grind he did produce his four volumes of the Tietjens series. I remember him in the late Twenties in



Ford Madox Ford — "no wish to be a lonely buffalo."

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Paris, in the little Left Bank restaurant he frequented; and I have a memory of him leaning on a grand piano in his flat on the rue de Vaugirard, spinning stories in a wheezing, war-damaged voice about things that never were—pleasantly delighting in his inventions.

Ford said that it was "the lonely buffaloes ploughing solitary furrows who produce the great truths of art." He had watched Conrad and he had known Henry James. Though he believed in the truths of art, he had no wish to be a lonely buffalo. He preferred the gregariousness of the Closerie des Lilas, and he found Americans appreciated him more than his fellow-Englishmen, who tended to look askance at his tall tales and his marital difficulties. Ford had been a notable editor of two short-lived magazines, and he continued to befriend young writers, including Hemingway, who repaid the friendship with malicious caricature. Like Ezra Pound, Ford was loyal to the avant-garde. Some of the best letters are to Pound, whom he chides with a large-spirited cajolery for being quarrelsome.

During the Twenties, Ford came often to New York, where he was lionized, his books sold, and he ground out stuff for the magazines. One of the earliest "writers in residence" – at Olivet – he gave himself earnestly to his students, although American education appalled him. He died just before the new war, which he would have hated, for total war had nothing to do with chivalry and gallantry.

Ford's interesting and observing mind, his "large carelessness," as he himself admitted, are fully reflected in these fascinating letters. They make us eager for the promised biography by Arthur Mizener.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1152

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1152 will be found in the next issue.

AB CAD AEF GDH IDFH AJF ABEK DLBM FDNB HAJGOF AEF GD ABEK HD IDFB.

MJPAHBM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1151

He that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not.
—BACON.

Philistine's Pilgrimage

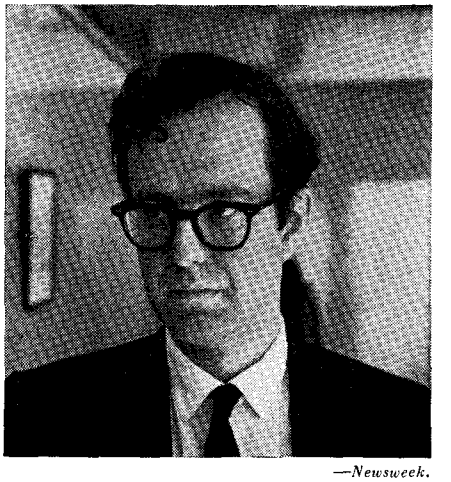
Square's Progress, *by Wilfrid Sheed (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 309 pp. $4.95), poses the question of whether we can lead lives of quiet desperation without going numb or hysterical. Emile Capouya teaches English and American literature at the New School in New York.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

HAS IT come to this: that we are beginning to regret the remnants of the bourgeois ethos? First there was Morris Philipson's witty and pointed novel, *Bourgeois Anonymous* (*SR*, April 24), saying a kind word for convention. Now we have the triumphant rehabilitation, at the hands of Wilfrid Sheed, of a type perilously close to Mencken's *boobus americanus*. Fred Cope, the hero of *Square's Progress*, works at a job, reads newspapers, drinks beer, watches television, and acts in all other respects like a member of the army of mercenaries that, we are told, defends what God abandons and saves the sum of things for pay. The point is that neither Mr. Philipson nor Mr. Sheed is a Philistine. When the sum of things is doing nicely, we can deplore Fred Cope. But in these latter days we are more likely to say, Thank God for a man. Especially since in this case he is decent, and put upon.

For Fred's cheerful resignation may make the world go round but it makes his wife jump out of her skin. If he is phlegmatic, she is choleric, with a dash of black bile. Alison—lovely name, that—is cultivated, sensitive, and adventurous. The dormitory-suburb of Bloodbury might be bearable to her if Fred would agree that it is unendurable. But no, he thinks it a decent enough place, and the neighbors decent people. And after one more uneventful party with those decent people, Alison has had it. She issues an ultimatum that he doesn't quite catch:

> *"I don't think I can take it any more, Fred. You're not even listening now, are you?"* She said the words in such a pleasant voice, and he was in such a fuzz by then, that he thought for a moment that things were all right again. "It's not your fault, I know," she said. Attababy, I knew she'd see it my way, arguments clear the air. Show me a couple that doesn't argue and I'll show *you* a . . . He remembered trying to kiss her and mysteriously missing, and the light switching off and a period of unparalleled confusion ending suddenly in blackness and a cold shower and breakfast and milk and O. K., no need to go through all that.



—*Newsweek.*

Wilfrid Sheed — does he build better than he knows?

Well, Alison is gone, leaving no address. After an orgy of newspaper-reading and television-watching, it becomes clear to Fred that freedom isn't everything—he must find his wife. She thinks him unimaginative, imperturbable, and utterly predictable, does she? Then boldness is called for. He will quit his job and concentrate on hunting for her. That, and find quarters in the city, ultimately in Greenwich Village. Ultimately to meet a girl named Austin—but she is clearly an Alison-surrogate, as suggested by the cabalistic resemblance of names, and if Fred can't have the original he doesn't want the substitute.

THE original has gone home to mother, where anyone but Fred would have thought to look for her. This long while, she has been communing with the spirit of her rebellious brother, killed in the Korean War, and taking inventory of the intellectual excitement offered by her home town—a high-school beau and a venerable fake of a painter. The beau is married but willing to have an affair with her: she recoils like a seventy-five, demonstrating the limits of her adventurous disposition. The fake turns out to be a sincere fake. He *means* all those picture-postcard scenes. And he is a gentleman, with a sense of propriety that can be outraged by Alison to the

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point where he tells her so. Failure on every front. Why doesn't that fool Fred show a sign of life?

Well, at the moment he is in the south of Spain, sojourning among artistic Americans, and in self-defense he has commenced painting. Thus far, whenever the possibility of getting together with a girl has presented itself (Alison hasn't been in any of the places where he's looked), something has gone wrong. The verdict has to be chastity by misadventure. One married lady, however, seems especially cordial—so much so that her husband is led to attempt suicide. It causes comment in their circle.

> "I think trying to kill himself was the smartest thing he ever did. What do you say, Jack?"
>
> "It doesn't mean a damn thing. He does it every year. Just to show that he's around."
>
> Fred had never heard the group discussing a moral problem before and he was fascinated. They seemed to have criteria out of the *Arabian Nights*.

In any case, his own criteria—for he has some—are different enough to persuade him to give up exile and go home to suffer with his fellow citizens.

The story is slight enough, but the sociology is most convincing. And Mr. Sheed is equipped with the style and wit to write a serious comedy of manners—serious in that it poses some important questions. Can we lead lives of quiet desperation without going slightly numb, like Fred, or indulging in hysterically romantic carping, like Alison? Is the desperation foreordained and inescapable? Mr. Sheed modestly limits himself to suggesting that, within the unsatisfactory framework, the square may yet make progress and the destructively sharp-edged sustain some humane blunting, for everybody's sake. Altogether too modest, I should say, if this novel were not as acute, high-spirited, and continuously amusing as it is. Mr. Sheed fulfills John Ciardi's definition of modern man as a creature of intellectual pessimism but glandular enthusiasm. His wit and verbal ingenuity have the odd effect of making Fred's cheerfully endured position as employee-commuter-householder-husband seem heartbreaking. Does the author build better than he knows, or is he simply a jump ahead of his readers? One way or the other, *Square's Progress* has more than enough moral heft to allow us to feel—and perhaps be—virtuous while we are taking our pleasure.

The Dark Unconscious Causes

That Awful Mess on Via Merulana, *by Carlo Emilio Gadda, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Braziller. 388 pp. $5.95), examines in the microcosm of a Roman whodunit, the complex nature of Fascism. Warrington Winters, a free-lance critic, teaches a course on the contemporary novel at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.*

By WARRINGTON WINTERS

ONE OF the frightening events of our time is the emergence of the anti-hero and the anti-novel. And how about the anti-epic? I mean the poetic novel that depicts, out of thousandfold detail, not the birth of a nation but its fall. Carlo Emilio Gadda's *That Awful Mess on Via Merulana* (which Italians know as *Il Pasticciaccio,* or "The Pastiche") is an anti-epic. Although it first began periodical publication as early as 1946, this modern Italian classic has never appeared in English until now. The arrival of William Weaver's eloquent translation is therefore one of the important literary events of the year.

Superficially, "The Pastiche" is a kind of detective story. Back in 1927, in the space of a few days, two crimes are committed on the staid Via Merulana: armed robbery and rape-murder. Detective Don Ciccio (a junior edition of Inspector Maigret) goes to work with his cumbersome staff to expose the party or parties responsible. He fails.

To this thin tale Gadda hitches a stupendous cargo of people and things Roman, and, above all, truckloads of sheer language, ranging from Dante to the lowest speech of the gutter. Indeed language is at once the glory and the catastrophe of this work. How would you describe a flock of hens on a country railway track? Doubtless Maigret would simply note that the hens, no longer excited by trains, clucked sedately beside the tracks. But listen to Gadda:

> The hens, as they did every day, had survived the drama: for years, now, the ex-pupils of Melpomene had arranged in an algolagniac, theatrified ritual, in a scene "for Nordic tourists" the most foreseeable and preventative breaches of their first and youthful error of clucking and squawking for a mere nothing in an hebephrenic crescendo: and they had adapted themselves, instead, in a carefully chosen poetics, to silence and to the vagotonic pallors of the *mystes*.

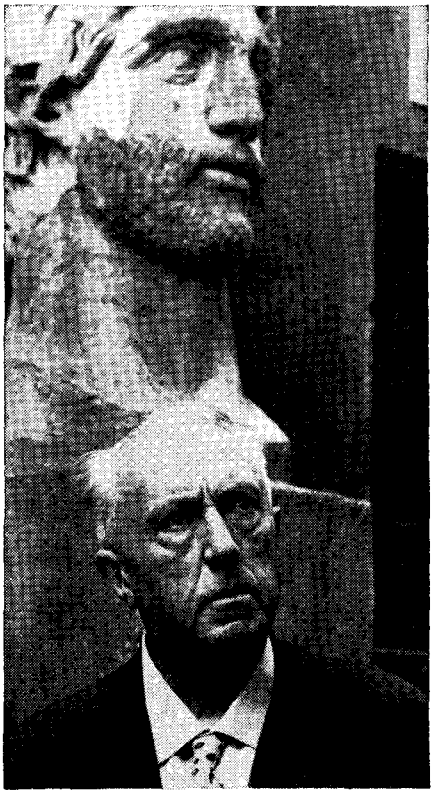
Now I, for one, had to dig pretty deep in the dictionary before I began to suspect what Gadda is saying here: that the complacent Italian citizens never scrutinized sufficiently the means by which Mussolini made the trains run on time.

Which brings us to "The Pastiche" as an anti-epic. Don Ciccio, in his futile attempt to find out who done it, is of course Gadda vainly seeking the sources of Fascism. They both reach the same conclusion: that you can never trace a momentous event to any single cause. The point is brought out clearly enough in the examination of Don Ciccio's psychology of crime discussed in the first chapter:

> He sustained, among other things, that unforeseen catastrophes are never the consequence or the effect, if you prefer, of a single motive, of a cause singular; but they are rather like a whirlpool, a cyclonic point of depression in the consciousness of the world, towards which a whole multitude of converging causes have contributed.

This Fascism—far from being solely the work of "Lantern Jaw"—was a kind of stench, or poisonous distillation, which dripped from a chemical compound so long in forming and so complex that no one could ever have predicted what it would lead to.

The trouble with Gadda, though, is



Carlo Emilio Gadda—"bumps to a stop."

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that he never brings this discovery to any grand catharsis—which is one reason why we must rate this work below other great anti-epics. Remember that anguished last paragraph in Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus,* where the author sees Germany, after the fall of the Nazis, flinging downward from despair to despair:

> When will she reach the bottom of the abyss? When, out of uttermost hopelessness—a miracle beyond the power of belief—will the light of hope dawn? A lonely man folds his hands and speaks: "God be merciful to thy poor soul, my friend, my Fatherland!"

Or again consider that amazing last chapter in *Dog Years,* by Günter Grass, where we watch with horror the underground assembly of those hideous scarecrows which symbolize, not just the imminent re-emergence of National Socialism, but the coming explosion of all the most ghastly problems of our species.

"The Pastiche," on the other hand, merely bumps to a stop. Gadda's failure, then—and it stems from the verbal excesses cited above—is simply this: he can never take a hammer and hit the nail squarely on its head.

Bacchantes on the Campus

***The Fires of Arcadia,** by G. B. Harrison (Harcourt, Brace & World. 153 pp. $3.95), concerns the gambol on a New England campus of a pride of satyrs with a clutch of Corybantes. Nicholas Samstag will publish two books this year: "Bamboozled" and "Come and See My Shining Palace."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

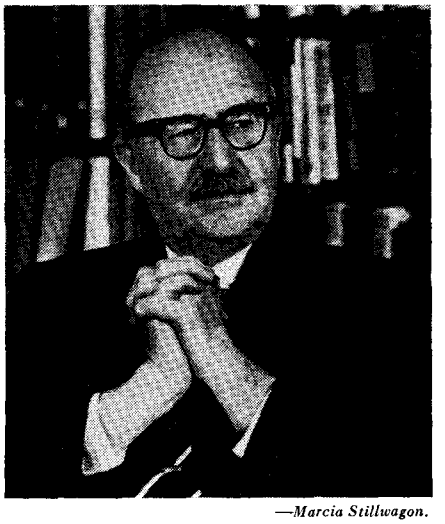
THIS is a sort of adolescent female's *Midsummer Night's Dream.* In it (the first novel of world-famous Shakespeare scholar G. B. Harrison), the author tells how a clutch of college girls gets itself serviced by a pride of satyrs. The ring-leader of the Bacchantes is a girl named Orr who 'appens to be a sexual 'olocaust as well as the daughter of the college's president, Dr. Stewart Orr.

Arcadia College was founded in 1869 by a childless theorist and ex-lumber-dealer who dedicated it to an ancient freedom many years in advance of its or our own day. When Otto Kaufmann drew up the rules of an educational institution where "nymphs and fauns play together in the green woods," he also hung a great oil painting of himself in the incredibly ugly main building known officially as the Schloss. Both examples of his grotesque Teutonic tastes were destined for a lurid end, fated to go up in flames to conceal the body of a young biologist murdered by some highly inflammable girl students filled with home-made whiskey and maddened by the embraces of eight rank and randy satyrs.

The brilliant genetics of the cremated professor of biology, Calvin Chapman, had produced the satyrs out of a union of some nanny goats with either a gamy character, both moonshiner and grounds keeper (Silenus?), or certain unidentified members of the faculty willing to cooperate for science's sake. But was Professor Chapman to blame? Or was it the maddeningly anti-scientific professor of the humanities, Lionel Broadbent, who baited him and egged him on? At any rate, Chapman died trying, with a tomahawk, to break up the bacchanalia that his piqued genius had created—and so, in a way, he expiated his sin of "tampering with the sacred laws of life," as the jacket so reverently puts it.

Mr. Harrison's brief tale pays little homage to the laws of life or of anything else except, perhaps, those of dramaturgy and arson. In fact his fantasy moves so swiftly and readably and with so little show of emotion from its calm beginning through its flaming and inevitable climax and on into its serene epilogue that it is reminiscent of a Greek tragedy. The work is, in truth, no comedy at all except as the reader snickers at the sexual gambolings he has been conditioned to deem comic.

The girls and the satyrs do fine in this book but the men seem very pallid.



—*Marcia Stillwagon.*

G. B. Harrison—an ancient exercise.

And here may lie the cream of the author's jest—that the proper business of mankind is neither the study of science nor of the humanities (which certainly includes Shakespeare), nor is it even the study of man himself, but rather that ancient exercise to which satyrs and women so naturally turn.

Petty Bourgeois: Françoise Mallet-Joris, a fine novelist, has produced a mixed bag in *Cordelia and Other Stories* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95). When these tales are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are—not horrid, certainly—flat.

The flat ones sound like second-rate Maupassant. Like him, Mme. Mallet-Joris describes various *petit bourgeois* types, without special rancor and also without much compassion. Like him, she denounces all sorts of hypocrisy; but she does not, although she tries, achieve the irony that enlarged Maupassant's vision and gave his best stories a universal meaning. Such stories as "Air des Clochettes" and "Marie," in which rich young people question the stodgy values of their parents, are merely artificial.

But Mme. Mallet-Joris is not a Maupassant *manqué,* though she resembles him in the variety and precision of her observations. Her style is finer and more elegant, and her perceptions more subtle. She can describe a character beautifully in one short sentence, as with the vain young man in "Breaking It Off," of whom she says, "He looked as though he must have been the last little boy to wear a sailor suit in the Tuileries Gardens."

She can be funny and charming, as in "The Underground Passage," the story of a giddy wife's constantly harassed attempts to take a lover. She can be poignant and bitter, as in "Extracts from the Life of Mr. Nathan Oppheim," the story of an American Jew, or in the very different tale of an Italian village dying of poverty. And she can probe deep, with the lightest possible touch, as in the story of a selfish wife. "A Smell of Herring."

American readers, however, may be amused by Mme. Mallet-Joris's descriptions of Mr. Nathan Oppheim's all-American friends, who have perfect teeth and insist on playing ping-pong. For their Sunday morning drinks they wear "light sports shirts designed to resemble tiger-skins, or with large butterflies on a grass-green base. . . ." To Mme. Mallet-Joris spring in New York is "a curious season which lasts about three days and is only detectable by the powerful, not to say chemical, smell of violets."

The splendid translation by Peter Green creates the illusion that every word must have been written originally in English. —DORRIE PAGONES.

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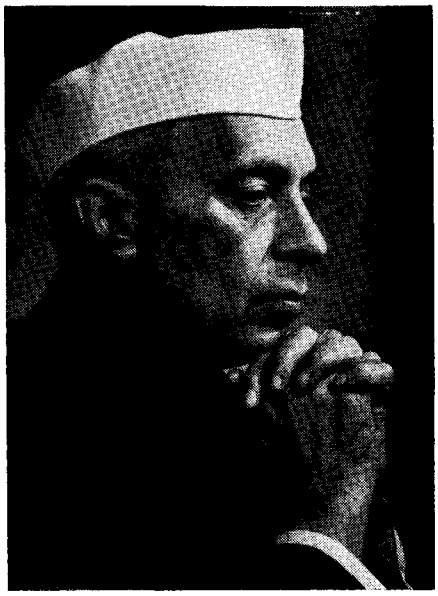
A Time for Praise



Nehru—"a moral force, a lovable human being."

The Legacy of Nehru, *edited by K. Natwar-Singh (John Day. 128 pp. $3.50), contains tributes from sixteen distinguished contemporaries of the late Prime Minister of India. Joseph Hitrec lived in India for fourteen years prior to World War II. He is the author of the novel "Son of the Moon" and other books.*

By JOSEPH HITREC

THE COMPLEX personality of the late Jawaharlal Nehru makes it inevitable, I suppose, that people of dissimilar views should look into it for a reflection of their own beliefs. In this collection of tributes by sixteen distinguished contemporaries of the late Prime Minister of India, what fascinates is not the element of appreciation, handsomely tendered in most cases, but the authors' interpolations and their tendency to use the occasion as a platform. Some of the essays—by Bertrand Russell, Earl Attlee, Arnold Toynbee, and Raja Rao—have previously appeared in England and India. Those by Dr. Martin Luther King, Ilya Ehrenburg, Pearl Buck, James T. Farrell, Dr. Linus Pauling, and K. Natwar-Singh, sponsor of the anthology, were especially written for the volume. Norman Cousins's essay originally appeared in this magazine, while the remaining pieces, by U Thant, Ellsworth Bunker, and the late Adlai Stevenson, comprise eulogies delivered on different occasions. Stevenson's, indeed, combines part of a welcoming speech to the live Nehru at Chicago with part of a tribute delivered at the U.N. on Nehru's death fifteen years later.

The tenor is lofty, orotund, at times pure gingerbread, as in the literary and much-italicized vignette by Raja Rao, an Indian writer and intimate of Nehru's. There is general agreement that Panditji was a great man and a world figure, a moral force and a lovable human being. After reading the various theses in support of this, our knowledge of Nehru remains intact; but we gain some new slants on the contributors.

Consider Lord Russell's startling assertion, for example, that "Nehru's reluctance to negotiate with the Chinese [over the Himalayan border dispute] was owing to his knowledge that the right wing of Congress prevented him from doing so," when the fact was that the Chinese refused to negotiate. Or his statement that "Nehru's death has removed serious hopes of . . . settlement over Kashmir." By his own admission, Nehru had no intention of yielding on Kashmir and would not even discuss a plebiscite. "Whether this was due to his being a Kashmiri Brahmin or to some other cause, Mr. Nehru, so wise in other matters, was quite adamant on this." This last quotation is from Earl Attlee's essay in the early part of the volume. Having held many long discussions with Nehru over the "vexed issue of Kashmir," Attlee concludes ruefully: "It was the blind spot of a great statesman."

We benefit even less from Dr. Pauling's contribution, in which Nehru is mentioned twice, Gandhi once, and a case is made out of the tenuous proposition that to prevent China from becoming a nuclear menace we should admit her into the U.N., where she could then honorably take part in the negotiations for a nuclear ban treaty.

Martin Luther King, more mindful of his subject, reminds us that in Nehru the world had an "honest broker" and that the relaxed tensions of today are his legacy. The same idea is examined at greater length by U Thant, who saw in Nehru a bridge between the Western intellectual and the Eastern moral man—a happy balance indispensable to international cooperation.

The best and most affecting tributes, however, are by authors not concerned with Message. I think that Ilya Ehrenburg, despite some lapses from known fact, comes close when he writes: "A man is not like a rock. Nehru was a miraculous alloy of ages, cultures, and ideologies." And I enjoyed Norman Cousins's "fragmentary appreciation" with its blend of reminiscence, warm eyewitness detail, and thumbnail biography of a man who must be credited with the blueprint for the modern Indian nation.

Africa: A Clash of Empires

The Washing of the Spears: A History of the Rise of the Zulu Nation Under Shaka and Its Fall in the Zulu War of 1879, *by Donald R. Morris (Simon & Schuster. 655 pp. $12), is the epic of history's mightiest black African empire. Charles Miller is a specialist in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

AT THE beginning of the nineteenth century the Zulu nation did not exist. Only the makings were there, in the form of a vast migration that had been slowly advancing down the African continent for centuries. It was the surge of an entire people, loosely called Bantu and loosely knit into small, cattle-owning clans who were constantly feuding and shifting alliances.

All this changed in 1816 with the emergence of a ruthless military genius named Shaka, who shattered the clans and welded their lusty, belligerent youth into a war machine, the like of which had seldom been known for sheer mass and destructive force. Built on a rudimentary but devastating tactic of encirclement, the Zulu army, organized around crack regiments called "impis," rapidly propelled Shaka to the eminence (if that is the word) of an African Attila. For more than half a century this fierce, iron-disciplined juggernaut provided for Shaka and his successors the sinews of a growing sovereign state that commanded not only fear but respect throughout Southern Africa.

The brief but thundering ascent of this nation, history's mightiest black African empire, and its tragic end in a head-on collision with "civilization," are

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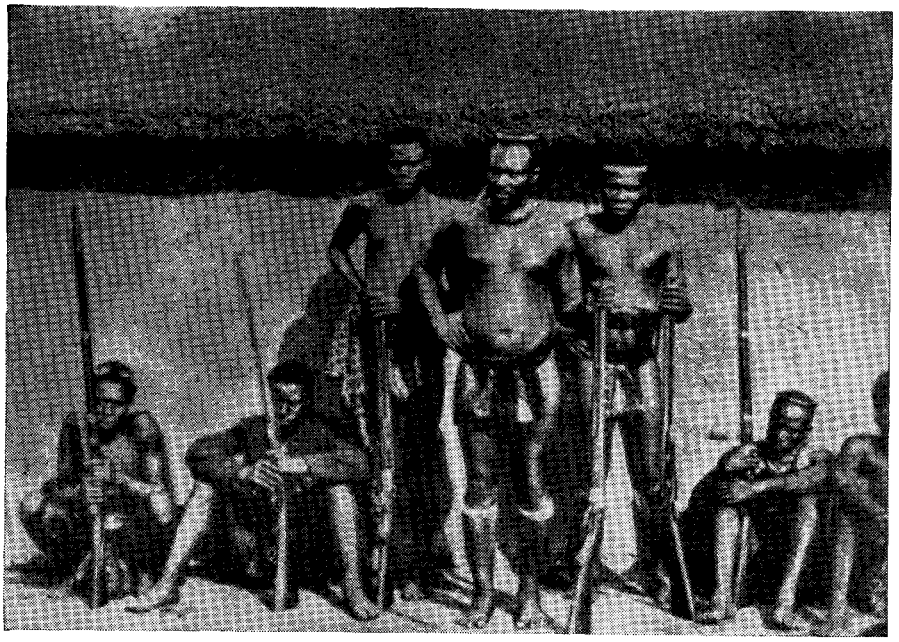

—*From the book.*

Dabulamanzi, Cetshwayo's half brother, who led the Undi Corps to the attack on Rorke's Drift. Picture taken at Cetshwayo's coronation in 1873.

the subjects of *The Washing of the Spears*, a marvelous tribute to the Zulus, by Donald R. Morris.

Zululand didn't have a chance, of course. Not in the face of another mass migration: the northward movement of land-hungry Boer farmers, alternately pursued and assisted by Great Britain, in her own curiously reluctant but no less determined course of empire-building. The blow of the inevitable showdown fell on the shoulders of the Zulu king, Cetshwayo, a man of honor whom Morris describes as "within the limits of his background, reasonable, responsible and forbearing." Cetshwayo also possessed "a considerably better grasp of political realities than his predecessors" (in 1873, when the British Government "acknowledged" his sovereignty by crowning him, he immediately recognized the ceremony for the farce it was), but such virtues have seldom proved useful in staying the hands of larger nations hell-bent for *lebensraum*. In January 1879, after the usual border incidents, ultimatums, and all-too-familiar pronouncements of righteousness ("the British Government has no quarrel with the Zulu people"), a British army marched into Zululand.

By any estimate, the Zulus should have been polished off in the very first action, at the foot of a mountainous rock called Isandhlwana. Although the impis outnumbered the Imperial forces by 20,000 to 1,800, their assegais (throwing spears) were hardly a match for artillery and massed rifle fire. But at the end of the day exactly fifty-five British soldiers were still living, and the news of Isandhlwana sent "a wave of horror and shock" through England. While the disaster was mitigated somewhat on the following day, when 140 British troops held off the assault of 4,000 Zulus at an outpost known as Rorke's Drift (their heroism won eleven Victoria Crosses), the war suddenly took on a new and disquieting aspect.

Six months, thousands of reinforcements, and many hard-fought battles later, the Zulu might was finally smashed at Ulundi, site of Cetshwayo's kraal, and Cetshwayo was himself captured and imprisoned shortly afterwards. When a caprice of public opinion transformed him into a martyred "noble savage," he was able to go to England, plead his cause at "a hugely successful luncheon" with Queen Victoria, and win restoration to his throne. But by then Zululand had been gerrymandered into a Balkanized British satellite, and formal annexation was only a matter of time. Stripped of all power, Cetshwayo died in 1884; three years later, Zululand became a British protectorate and was subsequently incorporated into South Africa. Morris tells us that the office of king still exists and that it is held by one Cyprian Bhekezulu. But he doesn't elaborate on the extent of the royal authority: there's certainly no need to.

The Washing of the Spears is a true epic. In one sense it reaches its climax about halfway through its 614 pages of text, in the accounts of Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift: few events in military history can surpass these two actions for sweep and drama. (Rorke's Drift, in fact, has received moderately faithful and altogether stirring treatment in the movie *Zulu*.) But Morris sustains a high level of interest throughout the entire narrative. He has done much more than tell the story of a proud people whose traditions (some quite horrifying by Western standards) gave them the will and courage to retain their national identity as long as they did. For the history of the Zulu nation is inextricably bound to the whole chronicle of nineteenth-century South Africa, and to the bitter three-way struggle among Bantu, Briton, and Boer for ascendancy—indeed, for survival—in that beautiful, brooding land.

Morris also takes a close, if informal, look at British Imperial policies of the era, and in so doing sheds interesting light on a glittering array of political and military figures, from Queen Victoria and Disraeli down to the unofficial lieutenant whose death in a Zulu ambush caused an even greater shock than Isandhlwana. (He was Napoléon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph Bonaparte, exiled Prince Imperial of France, no small personage in an age that placed ridiculously high stock in titled nobility.) Two of the individuals whom I found especially intriguing were intimately involved with the fate of the Zulus. Sir Theophilus Shepstone ("Somtseu"), the arrogant, extraordinarily gifted administrator of "native" affairs for South Africa, did more than any European to help build the Zulu nation, only to betray it in the interests of political expediency. In sharp contrast, John William Colenso ("Sobantu"), the once-excommunicated Bishop of Natal, saw the Zulus as a cause, and never wavered from his dedication to their rights. Even during the panic and lynch fever that swept Natal after Isandhlwana, Colenso didn't hesitate to excoriate his congregation as "a people who had forgotten mercy," and then go on to mourn the Zulu dead. "It was," says Morris, "perhaps the bravest act of a courageous lifetime."

Indeed, courage looms large throughout the book. Here is Cetshwayo's reply to a British ultimatum: "I do kill. . . . It is the custom of our nation and I shall not depart from it. . . . While wishing to be friends with the British I do not agree to give my people over to be governed by laws sent to me by them. . . . Go back and tell the white people this, and let them hear it well. The Governor of Natal and I are in like positions: he is Governor of Natal, and I am Governor here. . . ."

I think *The Washing of the Spears* is too long. In fact, it is positively Tolstoyan in its unending references to minor characters – individuals whose identity, when they are Zulus, becomes almost hopelessly obscured by Zulu orthography. However, the massiveness of the book is more than offset by that rarity among historical works: maps that actually help the reader. There are also seventy-seven first-rate illustrations, including several of the truly regal Cetshwayo, who has to be the book's individual hero – although the collective honor goes to the Zulu people. Donald Morris has fashioned what is likely to prove their most enduring monument.

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Dark Continent in a Different Light

Africa: A Political Travelogue, *by Thomas Molnar (Fleet. 304 pp. $6.95), rejects as "mass media cliches, stereotypes and myths" current attitudes concerning the Dark Continent's new nations. Hal Lehrman, author and foreign correspondent, reports frequently from Africa.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

LIKE news pictures, the quick little anecdote sometimes tells more than a thousand earnest words. Its small point can let the air out of the biggest balloons. Take Thomas Molnar's note on Algerian independence's promise and fulfillment: On the Great Day the shoeshine boys were officially summoned to toss their boxes—symbol of colonial ignominy—onto a Liberation bonfire; next morning they had no boxes, and no work. Or his observation that 200 dignitaries of the Finance Ministry in one new black African republic were jailed for graft, that the president of another young state decreed that all motorists must get out and salute him whenever he drove by, and that the leader of a third had taken the official title of "Savior." Kenya's independence was proclaimed with firecrackers imported from segregationist South Africa with whom the total trade of free Africa (and of Egypt, the Soviet bloc, and Red China) has been rising despite their thunderous calls for a world boycott against the unspeakable white supremacists.

The author of *Africa: A Political Travelogue* is a quiet professor of French employed in Brooklyn whose previous books (on education, philosophy, intellectuals, American foreign policy) did not exactly catch fire; his style of writing is a bit slow, with a tendency to ramble. Just the same, we have a possible blockbuster here or, if not that, certainly a work of intrepid pioneering across the lethal African minefields.

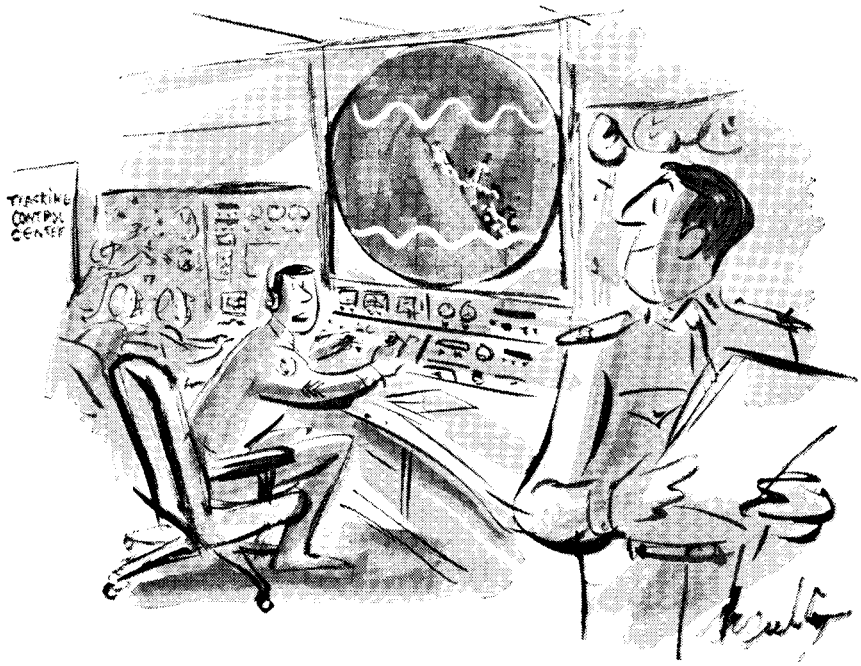
Armed with a year-long foundation grant, Molnar mused and meandered his way counterclockwise around the continental perimeter from Tunisia westward, south and east to the Cape, then north again to Egypt. His comments on the Mediterranean segments of this journey are perfunctory. In fact, the gap between bombastic propaganda and dismal performance in the United Arab Republic seemed so absurd to him that he devotes almost all his pages about that country to a touristic report on the antique splendors of the Pyramids and Sphinx, Luxor and Karnak, mischievously underlining the lack of connection between "present-day Egyptians" and the Nile's "staggering past." The sub-Sahara being his chief concern, it was there—by scrutinizing all factions, interviewing their spokesmen, testing their assertions on the spot—that he checked out what he now rejects as the "mass media clichés, stereotypes and myths" concerning past, present, and future in Africa.

This checking-out process is likely to outrage nearly everybody, even though Molnar keeps his voice down and his arguments polite as he methodically slays a menagerie of liberal dragons.

After all, it's bad enough to be told that African history before the white man came was not an idyl but rather a slough of barbarism, that colonialism took little away from Africa as compared with the vast boons it delivered, that the greatest crime committed by imperialism was the "moral cowardice" of fleeing precipitously from Africa instead of slowly retreating until the continent could manage by itself, and that the jungle is already springing out of the pavement of every European-built black city whence the whites have departed.

But what is a reader (whose enthusiasm for African independence rests confidently on his own tradition and the unanimous assurances of the respectable American press) to think when Molnar suggests that tribal anarchy, public corruption, private greed, envy, technological incompetence, and plain sloth are endemic in the African states? That expectations of some sort of African democracy based on Western rules are a witless dream? That the black African is just as much a racist as the white—or more—when it comes to butchering Arabs, Indians, mixed breeds, and other assorted colored folk? That Africa's heroic revolutionaries, whom Western newspapers and magazines have idealized, are in the main actually full-time demagogues—half-baked intellectuals allergic to constructive thinking, rational economics, soap, water, brooms, and buckets? That the same publications have whooped up a flea-bite rebellion in a corner of Angola but ignored the solid politico-economic progress in the bulk of that Portuguese territory, a garden-spot of multiracial cooperation? Or that—horror of horrors—stern apartheid and the establishment of physically separate but economically interdependent all-black and all-white regions may make more sense for all races in South Africa than the do-good formulae proposed from every pulpit and editorial office abroad for black dominion (and white submergence)?

Molnar wistfully gropes toward the possibility that racial variety, the spirit of the white pioneer, and European enterprise may survive in Africa. But he



"I'm in contact with a galaxy that wants to defect and come over to our side."

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has little real hope. The "many friends" we retain in Africa—among the better native leadership—are mortally threatened by a second generation of aspirants who, with Socialist slogans and no program except "Africanization" of white assets and jobs, scheme for power and dictatorships. Red China and the Soviets are busy buying up these aspirants. Molnar sees U.N. intervention in the Congo as a farce (the Congolese despised its administrators, preferred their own Belgian advisers) and as a malevolence (Molnar gives some appalling detail on loot and rapine in Katanga by United Nations troops).

Let me stress that these impertinent judgments do not froth out of a wild extremist; the author is a scholar and analyst of sobriety. He knows how noxious his conclusions will smell to many. He persists nevertheless, compelled by evidence—too complex to be summarized here—which to him is irrefutable. Africa, he contends, cannot be discovered by reliance on the legends churned from the popular presses: you have to get up close, with eyes, ears, and mind wide open. He realizes that his views will be as secondhand for armchair observers as the views he castigates. But honest dissent in any unanimous din is always an act of courage, and sometimes it is heard above the uproar.

Burrowing to Freedom: Pierre Galante, assistant managing editor of *Paris-Match,* gives in *The Berlin Wall* (Doubleday, $4.95) a lucid and suspenseful report in which world figures like Kennedy, Khrushchev, Adenauer, Brandt, and General Clay appear on stage but play only peripheral roles. The principal actors are the "little people" whose bravery and cowardice, self-sacrifice and treachery translate a political tragedy into human terms.

The first whispers that the East German rulers might cut the city in two circulated among clerks, chauffeurs, bakers, tradesmen, and students—average citizens with most to lose—who had their ears to the ground listening for the slightest tremor that would warn them of danger. During the summer months of 1961 thousands of men and women "voted with their feet" by leaving East Germany for the West. At a June press conference Walter Ulbricht, dictator of East Germany—"Old Pointy Beard" to most Berliners—denied any intention of dividing the city. At midnight two months later the Wall was an ugly fact.

Mr. Galante's story, written with the assistance of Jack Miller, largely concerns the dramatic efforts of desperate people in the East to escape and of relatives and friends in the West to rescue them. The hero is Harry Seidel, a young bicycle racer and newspaper deliveryman, who, having seen his wife and infant son to safety in the West, helped many other East Germans to get away, crossing and recrossing the Wall both above and below ground. At first the refugees used forged passports or else escaped through sewers. Then "Willy Brandt's moles" dug tunnels under the Wall, until their burrowings were discovered.

Despite warnings from his wife and friends, Seidel continued his rescue mission until his luck ran out and he was captured. A show trial followed, at which he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Nevertheless, as one closes this book he feels that Seidel, symbolizing as he does the Berliners' will to freedom, will somehow win out in the end.

—Henry C. Wolfe.

(*Book Reviews continue on page 35*)

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Editorial

Continued from page 16

absolutism in government. What gives this issue its razor edge in the case of Cam Ne is that its people are the people we say we have gone into South Vietnam to protect. We are dealing here with the people we say have called upon us to defend them against outside attack.

According to CBS, men wearing the uniform of the United States had orders to destroy entire communities if so much as a single round of sniper fire emanated therefrom. The existence of this order has not been denied. So long as that order stands, so long as the retaliation against Cam Ne is not specifically repudiated, the United States smashes at the essential nature of its own history, which has to do with proportion, with values, with distinctions. It puts the American people in a position of holding to a double standard, carrying out a policy of retaliation and revenge against civilians on the one hand while on the other calling upon nations to maintain humane policies despite all strain and provocation during war.

THE editors invite the support of their readers for a project in Vietnam. This appeal transcends the issue of whether the United States should stay in Vietnam or should get out. It is possible to hold to either view and still feel that some act of responsibility and compassion by the American people themselves is required in the case of Cam Ne.

We propose to make possible the rebuilding of the homes of Cam Ne. No one can compensate the people for their grief and anguish. But we can at least make known our respect for them as human beings and our own sense of incompleteness and failure if we do not do that which it is clearly within our power to do. How will *SR* do this? We will do it by enlisting the help and facilities of existing relief agencies, such as the American Red Cross, to whatever extent that may be possible. We will initiate on-the-spot measures, as required. (We also urge support for the work of the International Rescue Committee, of 460 Park Avenue South, New York, New York, which has been doing excellent work in its Crisis Fund for Vietnamese Children.)

The editors recognize the extent and depth of the difficulties involved in carrying out this new project. But it will be even more difficult to remain quiescent or seemingly acquiescent in the present situation. Readers who would like to commit themselves to this program are invited to send their contributions to the Cam Ne Fund, Editor's Office, *Saturday Review,* 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10017. —N.C.

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Let us tell you about Paris in the fall: That's when it springs to life.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO HAWAII**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1965.

SR's 1964 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Helen G. Russell of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child in a sampan.

F. B. Grunzweig, public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints **8 x 10 unmounted.**

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. **The decision of the judges will be final.**

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Theory and Psychotherapy

The Fallacy of Freud and Psychoanalysis, *by Edward R. Pinckney, M.D., and Cathey Pinckney (Prentice-Hall. 186 pp. $4.95),* ***New Perspectives in Psychoanalysis: Contributions to Karen Horney's Holistic Approach,*** *edited by Harold Kelman, M.D. (Norton. 249 pp. $5), and* ***The Parental Image: Its Injury and Reconstruction; A Study in Analytical Psychology,*** *by M. Esther Harding (Putnam-C. G. Jung Foundation for Analytical Psychology. 238 pp. $6.50), represent conflicting views of the road to mental health. Ralph S. Banay, M.D., is professor of forensic psychiatry at Manhattan College in New York.*

By RALPH S. BANAY

FREUD continues to divide and embattle the variously persuaded appraisers of his work and influence. To the orthodox Freudians he remains a Moses whose tablets of revelation must be observed as literal truth. To the empiricists he is a source of selective guidance and insight whose pronouncements, winnowed of uncertainties and anachronisms, may be usefully blended with other forms of therapy. To the schismatics he is a partly discredited ancestor of divergent systems. To the anathematists he is a bane, a blight, a corrupter of the best qualities of interpersonal behavior. Among these, Edward R. Pinckney comes not only to dispraise Freud but to bury him and to tear down the house of psychoanalysis. His admonition against psychoanalysis seems designed to bring a revolutional effort rather than an evolution of stronger, newer scientific ideas and practices.

The two other books under review are products of some of the non-Freudian branches of psychoanalysis. *New Perspectives in Psychoanalysis* presents in book form for the first time four lectures by the late Karen Horney, together with contributions by ten of her associates. The first chapter, "The Value of Vindictiveness," expatiating on the neurotic's compulsive need to discharge hostility, offers a revealing example of Horney's style and viewpoint. As Dr. Kelman observes, both Freud and Horney were products of their time; her formulations reflect the expansive ideas and humanistic climate of the twentieth century, in contrast with the mechanistic and authoritarian strictures of Freud's era. Her interest centered on a clarification of the neurotic process and the evolution of therapy directed toward self-realization through continuous growth. Significantly, she acknowledged as a driving force her dissatisfaction with the therapeutic results. Her break with Freud sprang from the conflict between her feminine psychology and his male-oriented system; it led to the development of Dr. Horney's whole-person philosophy.

The Parental Image, exemplifying the Jungian approach, initiates a publishing program of the C. G. Jung Foundation for Analytical Psychology. Esther M. Harding, a leading pupil of Jung, builds her study of the influence of the parental relationship on the Babylonian Creation Legend, as derived from clay tablets of 600 B.C. unearthed in Nineveh, and from similar sources. In the frame of Jung's archetypal doctrine, she ranges from the mythological tale of the dawn of time to her own present-day case material. Her theme is youth's psychological need to rebel against the tyranny of the parental image, the damage inflicted by this conflict, and the processes by which the wound is healed. She finds in the archaic story of the overthrow of the primal pair, Apsu and Tiamat, through the feats of the Babylonian hero Marduk a parallel with every person's experience in the struggle for maturity. Drawing on impressive erudition, Dr. Harding relates the disturbances of young people, including the disadvantaged and rejected, to the interaction of conscious strivings and the deeper stratum of psychic nature that Jungism holds to be common to all people. Thus a part of the objective of readjustment is harmony between the inner and outer psychic spheres.

Like other anti-Freudians, Dr. Pinckney, a Los Angeles physician, focuses his wrath on the doctrine of pansexualism, the attribution of most conflicts to the influence of the mother, the pervasive implementation of sexual symbolism, and what he considers a random opportunism in the interpretation of dreams. He charges that psychoanalysts persistently destroy marriages, foster libertinism, and needlessly abet divorce; he reports that only one woman out of several hundred he interviewed said her analyst had insisted on her remaining married.

His threefold social prescription is to bring into the open the kind of treatment performed by Freudian disciples; to promote public awareness of all forms of scientific psychotherapy, and to inform people of the early warning symptoms of real mental illness, distinguishing normal worry and anxiety from neurotic behavior.

One feels that the doctor's manifesto might have been more effective if its tone had been less choleric and if certain of his generalizations had been more solidly documented. To an extent, he indulges in some of the random pontification that he attributes to the psychoanalysts. Also, one questions his suggestion that the mere reading of inspirational books and marriage manuals is an adequate alternative to therapy. However, his assertion that the real alternative to impulsive dependence on an analyst is the assumption of personal responsibility is sound counsel.

Dr. Pinckney bases his book on personal

"Oh-oh-oh it's a lovely war! What do we want with eggs and ham, when we get plum and apple jam . . ."

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experience, interviews with psychoanalysts, attendance at psychoanalytic meetings, and his correspondence throughout the country. Save for his vitriolic attack on Sigmund Freud and psychoanalytic practitioners, Dr. Pinckney's indictment introduces no material that has not been arrayed before. The truth that the book contains is obscured by the manner of communicating it, especially its assault on the crumbly tower that psycholanalysis came to after Freud's death. The return to hypnosis (which Freud discredited), the introduction of brief therapy, group healing such as Alcoholics Anonymous, Synanon, and Gamblers Anonymous all point to the fact that the orthodox, solitary, and austere figure of the analyst is being pushed into the background more and more.

WHAT Dr. Pinckney fails to perceive is that the times create certain phenomena and that social fermentation develops in one direction or another, often to extremes. Before the French Revolution Mesmer and the idea of animal magnetism swept Europe, and the convulsive manifestations of a guilt-ridden society were purified in semi-orgiastic releases.

In the meantime, the decadent, authority-rejecting post-Victorian era prepared the ground for the emergence of the spiritless, aromantic, and ego-motivated philosophy of psychoanalysis. That is where Freud came in, further stripping life of emotions, religions, idols, and ideals craving for fulfillment. He did help, in medicine and in psychiatry, to dispel stagnation by a new conception—true or false—that broke through the hopeless custodial method of dealing with mental patients. His hypotheses proved to be wrong in many directions, but gave impetus for investigation and discoveries clarifying nebulous factors in the etiology of emotional disturbances. The alienist suddenly found that his calling of diagnosing and providing custodial care for the mentally ill had been widened and converted into a respectable medical specialty. Even the reactions to analytical tunnel vision—the development of physiological psychiatry, conditional-reflex therapy, the discovery of organic sequelae responsible for some forms of mental illness—were indirect gains from the analytical upheaval.

Dr. Pinckney is right in pointing to the opposing views of analytical groups, the lack of over-all standards and qualifying measures, and the uncontrolled imperialism in the analytical approach. We must not forget, however, that Freud himself, near the end of his life, said that psychoanalysis was more a school of philosophy than a therapeutic method. In a comment at variance with his life pattern, he declared modestly that psychoanalysis was "a statue of iron with feet of clay."

The Blood of Change

The Great War: 1914-1918, *by John Terraine (Macmillan. 400 pp. $15),* ***The Gardeners of Salonika,*** *by Alan Palmer (Simon & Schuster. 285 pp. $6.50),* ***The Great Departure: The United States and World War I, 1914-1920,*** *by Daniel M. Smith (Wiley. 221 pp. Hardbound, $4.95; Paperback, $1.95),* ***The Long Fuse,*** *by Laurence Lafore (Lippincott. 282 pp. $4.50),* ***At Belleau Wood,*** *by Robert B. Asprey (Putnam. 375 pp. $6.50), and* ***Gallipoli,*** *by Robert Rhodes James (Macmillan. 384 pp. $12.50), scrutinize various aspects of what some consider one of the most momentous events of the past thousand years. Long a student of the First World War, Richard L. Tobin is SR's managing editor.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE SEMICENTENNIAL of The Great War, which began last August and will continue through November 1968, is memorialized every month or two by some new volume in the staggering literature of the era. World War I appears to fascinate writer and reader alike as no other of the modern era except the American Civil War, perhaps the most written-about military event in the history of mankind. In the oceans of madness that define The Great War (Ambassador Myron Herrick said, "It *had* to come.") centuries-old institutions like monarchy, aristocracy, empire, and neutrality drowned in the blood of change. As Laurence Lafore writes in *The Long Fuse,* the complicated years between 1914 and 1918 witnessed, considered together, the "most important events of the past 150 years, and, along with the French Revolution and the Protestant Reformation, the most important of the last millenium." All one has to do to believe the validity of Mr. Lafore's judgment is to read anew about the incredible butcheries, botchings, and betrayals of those four desperate years that marked the breakdown of Old Europe.

For the military *aficionado* the best of the six volumes here reviewed is John Terraine's pictorial history. In large format so that the better pictures receive just treatment on heavy-coated stock, the volume contains dozens of astonishing new photographs from fifty years ago, in addition to the routine shots. Mr. Terraine will be remembered for *The Western Front: 1914-1918,* published last year, but his new pictorial history is an even better job of organization and exposition. The 400-page picture book is annotated in the margins with his own comprehensive text, month by month, year by year, theater by bloody theater. Where *The Long Fuse* retells familiar

—Photos from "The Great War, 1914-1918."

A group of French soldiers brought straight from the trenches to receive British decorations. Their weapons were Napoleonic.

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prewar political crises—Agadir, Algeciras, the Austro-Serbian issue, the naval race between Britain and Germany, the murders at Sarajevo—Terraine's new book, *The Great War: 1914-1918,* is almost wholly military in its coverage. One can believe with D. H. Lawrence, after perusing Terraine's pictorial saturation in war, that "It was in 1915 the old world ended." For, essentially, The Great War was fought with the same military weapons Napoleon had used a century before (and with which the Blue and the Gray butchered each other in mid-America 100 years ago)—the trench, the rifle, artillery, even the horse, and what amounted to hand-to-hand combat.

Daniel M. Smith's book, *The Great Departure,* is concerned entirely with U.S. diplomatic interests in World War I, beginning with the trade and blockade problems, the rising pressures of U-Boat diplomacy, Wilson's attempt at mediation as moral leader of the democratic world, and his significant contributions at the subsequent peace conference. There is little or no war action in this volume, its viewpoint being entirely political and the ground relatively familiar to anyone with the slightest knowledge of Wilsonian diplomacy. Not so *At Belleau Wood,* which carries sixteen pages of U.S. Signal Corps or Marine Corps photographs. This fresh, detailed account by Robert B. Asprey will more than satisfy any buff's thirst for the minutiae of attack and counterattack, maneuver and countermaneuver. I must say I hadn't realized how close this final German thrust of early summer 1918 came to flanking Paris from the southeast nor how greatly the Yanks figured in stemming the move against Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood, America's greatest World War I battle—indeed her only major battle. It is apparently not farfetched to boast that U.S. Marine counterattacks materially contributed to saving Paris at the eleventh hour.

The best-written of the six books we are reviewing here is Alan Palmer's remarkable volume, *The Gardeners of Salonika,* which tells about a little-known but highly important reinforcement of the British and French, a truly international army that fought to save the tottering Serbs against desperate Balkan encroachment from Germany, Austria-Hungary, and their allies. One would have to read through many a war volume to find a more competent, flamboyant, and less appreciated field commander than General Franchet d'Esperey, who did not become a Marshal of France until a generation after his heroics in the Balkans. Also concerned with fighting away from the main Western and Eastern fronts, *Gallipoli* recapitulates Churchill's noble blunder, better known to most of us than Salonika but well worth retelling all the same. Written by a patently competent historian, Robert Rhodes James, *Gallipoli* has one flaw—its $12.50 price. Surely Macmillan might have reduced or eliminated some of the superfluous maps and engravings, if that is what shot the cost up, since practically any two unillustrated volumes published in this semicentennial year of World War I can be had for the cost of this single book.

THE anniversary of The Great War plus fifty years will go on through 1968 and, just as the Civil War centennial eventually ran its course with no startling new material uncovered, the commemoration of World War I is likely to end without major disclosure. Nevertheless, the detailing of significant actions like Belleau Wood, Gallipoli, and Salonika cannot help but add to our interest in and knowledge of the last of the major trench wars. We now need more books about the sea battles, and we shall surely get them, hopefully works as authoritative as Samuel Eliot Morison's multivolumed *A History of United States Naval Operations in World War II.*

The famous British recruiting poster of 1914—"saturation in war."

The Kaiser with Generaloberst Helmuth von Moltke and officers, 1914.

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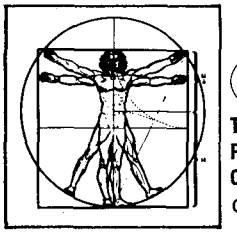

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

BABES IN THE WOODS. By Lillian O'Donnell. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

BEFORE THE BALL WAS OVER. By Alexandra Roudybush. Doubleday. $3.50.

ELLERY QUEEN'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE. Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House. $4.95.

THE NEUTRON BEAM MURDER. By Terry Johnson King. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

RELATIVE TO DEATH. By Stanton Forbes. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

CHINA IN CRISIS. By Sven Lindqvist. Crowell. $5.95.

THE COURTS, THE PUBLIC, AND THE LAW EXPLOSION. Edited by Harry W. Jones. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE RULE OF LAW IN EUROPEAN INTEGRATION. By Stuart A. Scheingold. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

Fiction

A LONG WAY TO GO. By Borden Deal. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE REEF. By Edith Wharton. Introduction by Louis Auchincloss. Scribners. $4.95. (Reissue.)

THE SCHATTEN AFFAIR. By Frederic Morton. Atheneum. $5.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY. A Biographical Novel of John Hancock. By Noel B. Gerson. Doubleday. $4.95.

WILLA CATHER'S COLLECTED SHORT FICTION. Introduction by Mildred Bennet. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $8.50.

History

THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITIES IN SYRIA UNDER OTTOMAN DOMINION. By Avedis K. Sanjian. Harvard Univ. Press. $8.95.

CONGRESS AND THE NATION. 1945-1964: A Review of Government and Politics in the Postwar Years. Congressional Quarterly Service, 1735 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. $27.50.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Paul Borchsenius. Simon & Schuster. 5 vols. $12.95.

A MIRROR OF CHAUCER'S WORLD. By Roger Sherman Loomis. Princeton Univ. Press. Pre-Christmas, $10; $12.50 thereafter.

TEN CRISES IN CIVILIZATION. By Stanton A. Coblentz. Follett. $6.95.

Literary Criticism

THE UNITY OF MALORY'S MORTE DARTHUR. By Charles Moorman. Univ. of Kentucky Press. $5.

Miscellany

THE AUSTRIA I LOVE. By Guillaume Hanoteau and Bernard George. Photographs by Michael Serraillier. Tudor. $7.95.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SMALL ANTIQUES COLLECTING. By Katherine M. McClinton. $4.95.

DOCTORS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. By Richard Dunlop. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE DUCK HUNTER'S BIBLE. By Erwin A. Bauer. Doubleday. $1.95.

GUNS AND RIFLES OF THE WORLD. By Howard L. Blackmore. Viking. $30.

I HATE YOU, I LOVE YOU. By Guy Friddell. Doubleday. $3.95.

MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN FURNITURE 1620-1840. By Lester Margon. Architectural Book Publishing Co. $12.50.

A MOUSE IS MIRACLE ENOUGH. By Myna Lockwood. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

PRIMATE BEHAVIOR: Field Studies of Monkeys and Apes. Edited by Irven DeVore. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $10.

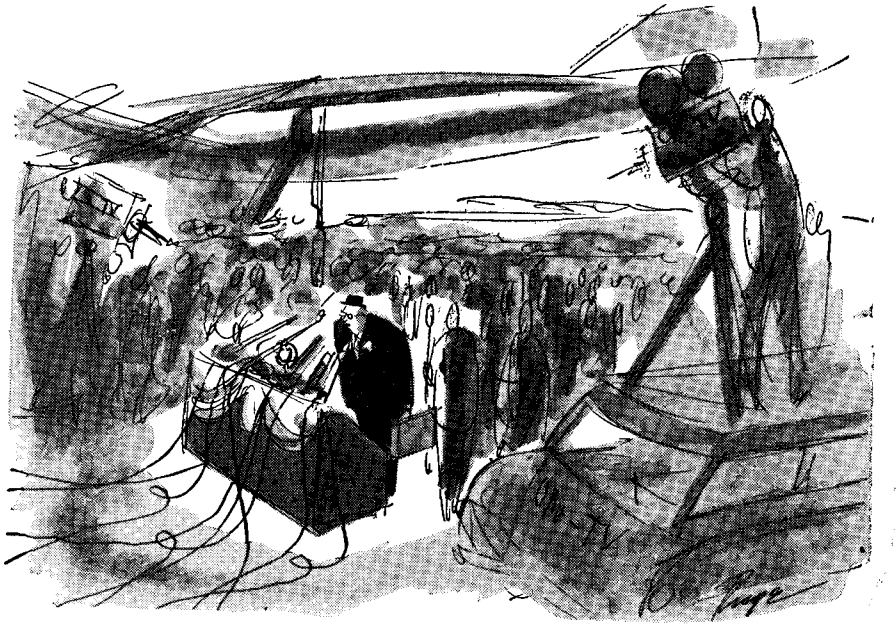
PUZZLES AND PARODOXES. By T. H. O'Beirne. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

THIS HALF OF THE APPLE IS MINE. By Joyce Kissock Lubold. Doubleday. $4.50.

UNDERSTANDING SURGERY. Revised edition. Edited by Robert E. Rothenberg, M.D. Trident. $6.95.

WALL STREET MADE EASY: An Unconventional Guide to Profitable Investing. By Ellen Williamson. Doubleday. $4.50.

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA 1964-65. McKay. $35.



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Music

FOLKSINGERS AND FOLKSONGS IN AMERICA. Revised edition. By Ray M. Lawless. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $10.

40,000 YEARS OF MUSIC. By Jacques Chailley. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $10.

MUSIC IN BALI: A Study of Form and Instrumental Organization in Balinese Orchestral Music. By Colin McPhee. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

Personal History

MY TWELVE YEARS WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY. By Evelyn Lincoln. McKay. $5.50.

ON THIN ICE. By Henry Jelinek, Jr., and Ann Pinchot. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

PADRE PIO: A Pictorial Biography. By Giovanni Gigliozzi. Phaedra-Trident. $4.95.

REPORTED TO BE ALIVE. By Grant Wolfkill and Jerry Rose. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THEODORE DREISER: A New Dimension. By Marguerite Tjader. Taplinger. $5.95.

THE TWO LIVES OF EDITH WHARTON. By Grace Kellogg. Appleton-Century. $7.95.

Philosophy

THE CAREER OF PHILOSOPHY. Volume II: From the German Enlightenment to the Age of Darwin. By John H. Randall, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.95.

HEGEL'S PHENOMENOLOGY: Dialogues on the Life of the Mind. By J. Loewenberg. Open Court Publishing Co. $12.50.

RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHY. By James M. Edie, *et al.* Quadrangle. 3 vols. $22.50.

Poetry

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD: Selected Poems of Carlos Drummond de Andrade. Edited and translated by John Nist. Univ. of Arizona Press. $4.75.

ONE HUNDRED MIDDLE ENGLISH LYRICS. Introduction by Robert D. Stevick. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

WILD FLOWERS. By Herb Brin. Jonathan David. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.45.

Psychology

CURIOSITIES OF THE SELF. By Theodor Reik. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

THE SECRET PLACES. By David Holbrook. Univ. of Alabama Press. $4.95.

Religion

THE CASE FOR THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. By W. Gunther Plaut. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE OXFORD ANNOTATED BIBLE WITH THE APOCRYPHA, Revised Standard Edition. Edited by Bruce M. Metzger and Herbert May. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.50.

THE PASTOR AS COUNSELOR. By André Godin, S.J. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50. —Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Greatness Defined

To see M. B. Tolson described in *SR*, Aug. 7 as "one of America's great poets" and as a poet who "stands apart from and above contemporary poetic accomplishment" was one of the most satisfying moments of my life.

I met M. B. Tolson a year and a half ago when I became one of the first white teachers to join the faculty at Langston University. I had never heard his name, though I was a college English teacher who had lived only two miles from his home for over seven years. He told me that he was a poet, and since I liked poetry and he was one of my colleagues, I asked to see his two books. When I started reading, I was amazed. I called my husband and at one sitting we read *Rendevous with America*. Our reaction was "Why haven't we heard of him?" When we read *Libretto for the Republic of Liberia*, we were overwhelmed by the scope, the technique, the intellect at work here. As Karl Shapiro said, *Libretto* "shocks the learned into a recognition of their own ignorance." Few of my former colleagues at Oklahoma State University had ever heard of him. But they did before long. I found his poetry becoming my chief topic of conversation wherever I went. I was convinced that I chatted daily with one of America's greatest living poets.

That spring he was readying *Harlem Gallery* for the printer. Suddenly he became ill and had surgery—cancer. The doctors were not optimistic. *Harlem Gallery* was almost a year away from publication. Eight months later he learned that he must have further surgery. He was almost sixty-five; *Harlem Gallery* was still not in print; we prayed . . .

This amazing man returned to his classroom one month after his operation. He completed over forty years as a college teacher that semester, taking time out to attend receptions held in his honor in New York and Washington, D.C. He was invited to the White House, where he autographed copies of his book for the President and his family. He retired in May—retired to an active career as writer (*The Curator* is the first of five volumes in *Harlem Gallery*), lecturer (he is so much in demand that his chief problem now is finding time to write), and poet-in-residence at Tuskegee Institute for 1965-66. M. B. Tolson is a great poet—and a great man.

Joy Flasch.

Coyle, Okla.

Robert D. Spector decries the lack of acclaim for Tolson's poetry. Perhaps one of Mr. Spector's quotations from *Harlem Gallery* illumines the matter: "What they [the characters in *Gallery*] share is a contempt for the 'Bible Belt of the pale phallus and the chalk clitoris.'"

If, as Mr. Spector maintains, Tolson "plays adroitly with language" he certainly could have expressed this idea in language less clinically frank, less obviously malevolent, less shockingly irreverent.

A great poet is one who makes us realize about ourselves and our world truths which would otherwise elude us. The ability to use words as a weapon with which to assault one's fellow human beings does not make one great, and a high-class vocabulary does not upgrade a low-class mind.

Ione Schweer.

Covington, Okla.

Rebuke for Tarsis

In his excellent letter on The European Literary Scene [*SR*, July 17] Robert J. Clements makes brief mention of the book *Ward 7* by Valeriy Tarsis, recently published both in London and New York. The book is an "expose" of incarceration in a Moscow mental hospital imposed on political dissidents and would-be rebels and fugitives.

"We still," writes Mr. Clements, "have no intelligence that Valeriy Tarsis is being punished for his novel . . . smuggled to England. . . . Surely the decision not to punish Tarsis is a more effective rebuke than was his incarceration in Kaschenko Psychiatric Hospital for his earlier anti-Communist novel *The Bluebottle*." . . .

Having read thoroughly both books, and particularly *Ward 7*, I began to doubt the existence of Mr. Tarsis. And then I stopped wondering why he was punished so lightly for smuggling out one manuscript and not at all for smuggling out the second one: he simply wasn't there.

The sending out of any manuscript beyond the borders of the USSR without the knowledge and/or permission of the authorities is considered by them a most serious crime against the State. . . . Yet Mr. Tarsis has dared to smuggle out two manuscripts, one after the other, have [one] published under his own name—and get away with it. Incredible! . . .

I was amused, however, to find in *Ward 7* several references to Alexander Essenin and none to Joseph Brodsky. Essenin, the son of the late poet, is the author of a philosophical essay smuggled out of Russia a few years back through the same mysterious channels that Tarsis used. Brodsky is the famous Leningrad poet denounced by the régime and sent to an insane asylum, but no "smuggler of manuscripts."

On the publisher's blurb it says that the book is "an autobiography thinly disguised as fiction." Thinly disguised fiction it is. Autobiography it is not; the protagonist of the author, Valentine Almazov, devotes to himself less than sixty pages—out of 160. The reason for the author's incarceration in a mental hospital is preposterous: he submitted to the Central Committee a jocular memorandum about divorces. I shall not enumerate all the incongruities in the book. But I would like to single out one. Tarsis mentions a "pleasant suburban bar where every other person you see is a retired colonel." How British can one be!

But, then, the book was smuggled into Britain and edited there. Edited quite well, I should add.

M. K. Argus.

New York, N.Y.

Dossier from Dutton

Valeriy Yakovlevich Tarsis was born in Kiev in 1906. His father, whose family was of Greek origin, was storekeeper at the Nobel Stores in Kiev, hid arms for the revolutionaries in 1905 and vanished under Stalin in the Forties. Valeriy went to school in Kiev and to the university in Rostov on Don. He specialized in Western languages and literature, worked in a publishing house until '37, wrote a book on "modern Western writers" in the Twenties and some short stories which were published in *Novy Mir*. He has translated over thirty books into Russian. He was twice severely wounded at Stalingrad. He married the niece of Air Force General Alkenis, who was shot by Stalin in '37. A daughter is in her early twenties.

An old member of the Union of Writers and a resident of Moscow for more than thirty years, he has known most of the Soviet writers of his time. His anti-régime attitude developed during the 1930s and since 1939 he has been writing fiction which he found it impossible to publish in the USSR even since the *thaw*. Despairing of being heard in his own country without foreign help, in 1960 he broke with the Party and the Union of Writers and sent his manuscript abroad through foreign publishers he had met by chance. His book *The Bluebottle* appeared in England in 1962 and since then in several foreign countries. It was published by Collins-Harvill, and the author's name was given as Ivan Valeriy to protect him—but against his wishes.

Shortly before the book came out, Tarsis, who had made no secret of having smuggled out his manuscript, was put in a lunatic asylum in Moscow. In February 1963 his case was taken up by the Western press as well as privately with prominent Soviet writers, and shortly afterwards he was released. He came out with his spirit unbroken and more than ever determined to help Russians by exposing the régime. At great additional risk to himself he smuggled out *Ward 7*, the story in fiction form, but scarcely disguised, of his experiences at the asylum and those of other political prisoners he met there.

He was particularly anxious to have *Ward 7* published, because although the Soviet government claims that there are no political prisoners in the Soviet Union, the practice of putting inconvenient citizens into lunatic asylums seems to have become fairly widespread and is all the more shocking because this can be done without putting them on trial and because the term of their detention is indefinite.

Ward 7 was published in England by Collins-Harvill in May of this year. It appeared under the author's real name: Valeriy Tarsis.

Elliott Graham,
E. P. Dutton & Co.

New York, N.Y.

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Back to Work

A GOOD DEAL will be asked of NBC News viewers on Tuesday, September 7, when the network broadcasts a three-and-a-half-hour exposition (7:30 to 11 P.M., EDT) of American foreign policy since the end of World War II. It will be the day after Labor Day, and audiences will scarcely be recovered from the summer vacation mood. Moreover, they will be looking forward, presumably with relish, to the opening of the new television entertainment season the following week. But whatever the drawbacks, foreign policy, especially against the background of Vietnam, has at least some popular relevance even in a fun-and-games culture. Many people, therefore, will no doubt watch *American White Paper: United States Foreign Policy*, which will be narrated by Chet Huntley and include a number of reports and statements by American and foreign officials and NBC correspondents.

The big question for the viewer, and one he might well give some thought to in advance, is how to get the most out of the program, which has involved an impressive investment on the part of the network. Fred Freed, the producer, estimates the cost at about $400,000, and in the process of making it the staff scanned more than 1,000,000 feet of film, according to its own count.

What can the viewer expect out of all the effort? The producers have put together what is essentially a three-act plot that lays out the chain of events that has led us into our present deepening commitment in Southeast Asia. Act I traces the confrontation with Soviet Russia from World War II to the present. Act II traces the impact of that confrontation on the underdeveloped nations. And, finally, Act III puts the "dirty little war" in Vietnam in perspective against the shift of the Communist battle lines from Europe to Asia. What the producers seek to show is the "remarkable consistency" of our foreign policy throughout the administrations of four Presidents. And the central thread, of course, is the policy of containment of Communism—first in Europe, then in emergent areas, and now in Vietnam. They detect, on the basis of the evidence, an almost "tragic inevitability, resembling a Greek drama," in a policy that simultaneously involves both an attempt not to get sucked into a land war in Asia and a helplessness to stay out.

That, in brief, is the program's skeleton. What is the best attitude for the viewer to bring to it?

Perhaps one way to swallow so massive a dose of news background is to approach it as an audience participation show. In short, get involved. Prepare some bench marks by which to evaluate it. I suggest here but three possibilities, depending upon the age of the viewer.

For younger adults (the median age of the American population is twenty-eight), criteria for judgment come hardest. The outlines of the story they never fully shared are probably vague and blurred in their minds. By putting together the fragments of daily journalism into some coherent scheme, however rudimentary, the program may help them to grasp at least the chronology. How well does it do that job?

Older viewers, who remember the links in the historical chain and who believe we are doing the right thing by fighting in Vietnam, will undoubtedly find that the program justifies our foreign policy. They will be stirred, perhaps, when they hear President Truman at San Francisco, speaking to the newly established United Nations and declaring what a wonderful world this could be if the world's powers won the peace; but they are likely to conclude that the disappointments of recent history are more the fault of the other side than of ours. How well does the program support that conclusion?

A third group, probably a minority, will see with sadness the failure of American foreign policy to solve the social aspects of containment in Asia. They will hold that our success in containing Communism in Europe was due, in no small measure, to our willingness and ability to rebuild the industrial wealth of the continent, as well as to our military posture. In Asia we know how to use the Seventh Fleet, but can we meet with imagination the social needs of a non-industrial society, an alien culture? How well does the program explain the background of that attitude and that question?

View the NBC News audience participation game from any point of view or bias, but don't be a mere spectator. Remember, the truth you choose has consequences. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

"EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY"

Judith Roche of Ypsilanti, Michigan, reminds us that the *carpe diem* theme—or "seize the moment"—has been a popular idea throughout English poetry. The question is, which poet is responsible for each of these expressions of the idea? Seize the solution on page 45.

1. But at my back I always hear
   Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near. ( ) Thomas Carew

2. . . . let us prove
   While we may, the sports of love:
   Time will not be ours for ever . . . ( ) Sir George Etherege

3. Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
   And take the harmless folly of the time.
   We shall grow old apace, and die
   Before we know our liberty. ( ) Edward FitzGerald

4. Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
   Before we too into the Dust descend . . . ( ) Robert Herrick

5. And therefore take the present time
   With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
   For love is crownèd with the prime . . . ( ) Ben Jonson

6. Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
   For none can call again the passèd time. ( ) Andrew Marvell

7. Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
   Whilst the Spring of nature lasteth;
   Love and meeting thoughts befriend ye,
   Use the time ere Winter hasteth. ( ) William Shakespeare

8. For that lovely face will fail;
   Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail.
   'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
   Than summer's rain or winter's sun. ( ) Edmund Spenser

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From Here to Timbuktu

EDITOR'S NOTE: Horace Sutton is on vacation. The following guest column is by Trevor L. Christie, a regular SR contributor with a well-known talent for ferreting out unusual places.

PEERING into the distance, we could dimly make out the ramparts of the fabled city that many nineteenth-century explorers had sacrificed their lives to see; it was shimmering in the midday heat as the Russian Ilyushin aircraft swooped in for a landing on the southern edge of the vast Sahara. Leaving the makeshift airport in a rickety French omnibus to make our way to town, we thought of those brave but foolhardy Europeans who had tried to reach it across desert wastelands, steaming jungles, dense forests. Their imaginations had been inflamed by tales of an African El Dorado flourishing at a caravan crossroads and their avarice had been stirred by stories of great riches to be plucked from the gold, ivory, and slave trade. Most of them had fallen victim to heat, disease, or the bitter fanaticism of the Moslem tribes.

A few minutes later we rattled into the main square of a sprawling settlement of hundreds of squalid, mud-brick dwellings baking in the sun. Our only discomfort came from a turbaned Moor sitting on our feet and our only danger was the risk of being pitched out of the vehicle on our head. This was Timbuktu, once mysterious, remote, inaccessible but now easily attainable for the price of an airplane ticket.

We had flown the South Atlantic by Pan American Airways to Dakar on the bulge of West Africa, penetrated inland as far as Bamako, parochial capital of the new Republic of Mali, hedgehopped over a bleak, arid plain by way of such curiously named villages as Ségou, Mopti, and Goundam to reach this desert outpost 5,000 miles from New York. We had hoped to find out why this city had fastened such a grip on men's minds and hearts for hundreds of years, and we did in part.

This history of Timbuktu is befogged by myth, legend, and downright falsification. It was apparently settled by the Tuaregs, a Caucasian race of nomads closely related to the Berbers, about 1000 A.D. as a summer camp. One of the first references to it, the historians tell us, is in an early Arab manuscript stating: "Soon this place became a crossroads of travelers who passed back and forth through it. They entrusted their property to a slave named Timbuktu."

As it grew over the next 500 years Timbuktu owed its importance to its situation at the junction of the Sahara caravan trails and the Niger River "where the camel and the canoe meet." Under the *Songhai* (Negro) empire stretching for a thousand miles from the Niger to the Atlantic it reached its zenith as a commercial, religious, and cultural center late in the fifteenth and early in the sixteenth century but it never attained the importance that illusion gave it. Its population, for example, probably did not exceed 12,000 at its peak.

Late in the sixteenth century an expedition of 9,000 Moors and renegade Christians swept down from the north, conquered the *Songhai* forces, and captured Timbuktu. For the next few hundred years its prosperity waned, civil order broke down, and virtual anarchy reigned under a succession of Pashas. From time to time the Tuaregs looted the town, exacted tribute, and returned to the desert. Toward the close of the nineteenth century French colonial forces seized it and imposed a *Paix Française* until recent times. (In the first half of the last century no fewer than eighteen European explorers tried to reach Timbuktu; only two made it.)

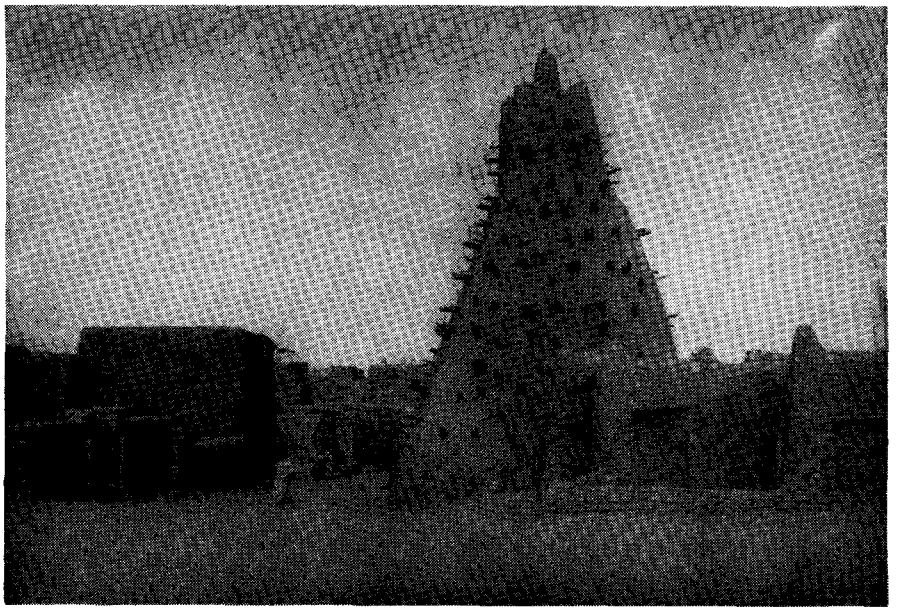
Taken in tow by a guide in a flowing white robe, we and our companions started out in wonder to explore this community of about 9,000 souls situated near a bend of the Niger River in central Mali. As we plodded through sand up to our ankles it didn't take us long to discover that the fabulous city had no paved streets or sidewalks, no piped water supply, no sewage system, almost no electric lights, and little else of the twentieth century—that it was, in fact, living much as it did when it was founded.

That day happened to be Army Day and the people were out in the streets in carnival spirits, dressed in their best and their worst, to witness a display of Russian-made military hardware. There were black-visaged *Songhai* tribesmen, swarthy Arabs, hawk-eyed Moors, and blue-tinted Tuaregs, the proud "People of the Veil," milling about in the happiest confusion. Their costumes borrowed every color from the artist's palette and drew on every design in the couturier's book. Everything was on parade, from beautifully brocaded robes with gorgeous bandana headdresses, to plain white shifts, to filthy rags. Many a small boy wore nothing but basic birthday black.

Mingling with the human element was an outdoor menagerie of bawling camels, bleating goats and sheep, rearing horses, braying donkeys, mangy dogs, and scrawny chickens, running around in circles while a merciless sun beat down and the heat rose in waves.

The principal market, we found, was a beehive of traders, both men and women, squatting under small lean-tos covered with matting to provide a little shade. They offered for sale everything from a side of beef, to a river catfish, to watermelon, to peanuts, all swarming with black flies in defiance of every law of sanitation. Old men with wispy goatees, toothless hags, buxom "mammys," and pigtailed little girls all exuded an atmosphere of enormous good cheer.

It was not long before we wan-



Fourteenth-century mosque in Timbuktu—part real, part dream.

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dered down narrow, winding alleyways through a maze of miserable mud huts in search of the three celebrated houses of the first explorers. The first was that occupied by Major Alexander Gordon Laing, a swaggering Scot who was the first recorded European to enter the forbidden citadel of Islam. The house has long since disintegrated and has been neatly reconstructed for the benefit of visitors like us. It is an unpretentious, one-story dwelling with a modest plaque reading "To the memory of Major Alexander Gordon Laing, 2nd West India Regiment, the explorer who, at the cost of his life, reached Timbuctoo in 1826."

Starting his expedition from Tripoli on the Barbary Coast, Major Laing married the daughter of the British Consul and set out two days later with a promise to be back within six months. Deep in the murderous Tanezrouft desert, he was attacked by his Tuareg escorts while asleep but fought them off and survived with twenty-four wounds that left his right arm almost useless. His guide managed to transport him to a friendly tribal camp and after three months of recuperation he set off again. This time the party was stricken with fever and the guide and two others died; the major pressed on alone and reached his goal after incredible hardships. Remaining for a month, he was ordered to depart by the way he came and as he started back across the Sahara he wrote prophetically in his last letter to his father-in-law, "I regret to say the road is a vile one and my perils are not yet at an end." A few days later he was slain by fanatical Moslem tribesmen not far north of Timbuktu. His priceless records were burned.

THE house of René Caillé, the first authenticated European to reach Timbuktu and return to tell the story, is the original one and bears the inscription "A. René Caillé, 1799-1838. He lived in this house in April and May of 1828 during his trip from Guinea to Morocco."

Possessed of an obsession to visit Timbuktu since childhood. Caillé, the sickly son of a French jailbird, traveled more than 3,000 miles and passed a year en route before he staggered into the Forbidden City carrying an umbrella. He taught himself Arabic and pretended to adopt the Moslem faith, but he had no official sponsorship and no financial support. When he first glimpsed its minarets he noted that "the city presented, at first view, nothing but a mass of ill-looking houses built of earth." After a stay of fifteen days he made his way across the Sahara as a member of a camel caravan and startled the French Consul in Tangiers by walking in on him and announcing: "I have been to Timbuktu." While his claims were derided for years, the Geographical Society of France finally awarded him a prize of 2,000 gold francs and he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

The third house of renown is that of Heinrich Barth, a German explorer and scholar who arrived a quarter of a century later. The house bears nothing but the terse note: "Heinrich Barth House 1853-54."

Barth was the only European to reach Timbuktu for many years after Caillé and he lived there for eight months, writing its history. He emerged after five years in the Sahara and along the Niger and was made president of the Royal Geographical Society of Britain in recognition of his accomplishments as perhaps the greatest of all the Africa explorers.

WE next visited the three Mosques of Timbuktu, which may be good examples of early desert architecture but cannot be compared with the noble religious structures of Cairo or Istanbul. The most impressive was the fifteenth-century Great Mosque of Sankoré, which has been glorified on a Mali postage stamp, but those of Jingereber and Sidi Yahya seemed to be little more than crumbling piles of mud that would float away in the first violent rainstorm.

As the afternoon wore on we took a turn around one other point of interest that symbolizes the changing political scene throughout West Africa. This is the Place de l'Independence, a huge, sand-packed plaza that marks the liberation of Mali from French colonial rule in 1960. At one end are the house where Major Joseph Joffre (later Field Marshal Joffre of the Battle of the Marne) lived and the fort he commanded when he subjugated the area in 1894. Back of them is a military cemetery containing the remains of many young Legionnaires who died "pacifying" the natives and bringing them the blessings of French culture. At the other end is the palace of the Commandant of Timbuktu with the red, yellow, and green flag of Mali fluttering overhead. Between them are the stone structures of the *Mairie* and the *Commissariat de Police*. (We dropped in at the latter to have our passport stamped with the official seal to prove to our editors that we hadn't been lollygagging on the Riviera during our absence.)

Scattered about the plaza, however, was evidence that Timbuktu at last was taking its first feeble footsteps into the modern age. This was in the form of long, shiny electric light poles lying about in the sand as proof that electricity was soon coming to the town for those willing to pay for it. Shortly before our arrival the first hardtop road had

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Upon Your Imaginary Forces, ACT!

PITTSBURGH.

TWO unanswered questions vital to the future development of the American theater are currently being tested here. The first is how can theater artists receive better training than is now available, not only so that they themselves will realize their full potential, but also so that the growing network of new theaters being built in cities outside New York can have companies superior to the old stock companies that could only afford perhaps one or two fine actors supported by several mediocre ones? And the second is how can the resources of university drama departments be brought into a more effective relationship with the professional theater?

To answer these questions, a three-year joint program was worked out by Carnegie Tech's drama department and the Pittsburgh Playhouse. And it has been supported by a Rockefeller Foundation grant of $115,000 for 1965, and by the Pittsburgh based Andrew Mellon Foundation which has come up with additional subsidy.

With these funds the American Conservatory Theatre (ACT) has been organized under the artistic leadership of William Ball. Mr. Ball, the exciting young director whose *Tartuffe* redeemed the otherwise disastrous second season of the Lincoln Center Drama Repertory Theater, is also an acting teacher and is therefore well equipped to attempt the formidable task of coordinating teaching and play production. He has pledged himself to the production of twelve plays at the Pittsburgh Playhouse's two theaters with a company of outstanding professional actors and promising newcomers who have received fellowships to train and work with the company.

From the point of view of the Pittsburgh Playhouse and its audiences, this represents a step up from the community theater operation that Frederick Burleigh carried on so successfully here for many years. The Playhouse's managing director, Richard Hoover, had had for some time the feeling that old formula of community theater, "summer stock material done in cold weather," was becoming less satisfactory to audiences, who more and more want literate theater performed by the finest artists. And unfortunately such theater required a subsidy that would not have been forthcoming locally.

And for Carnegie Tech, ACT will also offer new benefits. Drama Department head, Earle Gister will have a number of professional practitioners to draw upon for supplementary courses, and perhaps more important still ACT will stimulate his students to master their craft like the experienced actors they see continuing to master theirs.

To date, the results have been better than anyone would have dared predict. Six plays (*Tartuffe*, *Tiny Alice*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, Anouilh's *Antigone*, *The Rose Tattoo*, and *Noah*) have already opened and the attendance for all performances and previews has averaged 62 per cent of capacity, a figure which Mr. Hoover considers very good. The critical reception has been favorable, with the Moliere and the Pirandello receiving the highest praise.

BUT it is in Ball's unusual production of the Albee play that ACT's characteristic combination of directorial exploration and heightened actor expressivity is most strikingly evident.

To capture the qualities he saw in the script, Mr. Ball did considerable transposing of lines, cutting, and—perhaps most important of all—included more of the long final speech as it appears in the published version than did the Broadway production. Mr. Ball regards *Tiny Alice* as a great work of art which we must live with a while before we appreciate it. For him the play's fascination is that it attempts to exist in so many dimensions at once. These dimensions include the struggle between innocence and the institutionalized forces of self-interest, the parable of ritualized morality gone bad, and the Oedipal struggle within the family with Lawyer, the father, shooting Julian, the son, before he can consummate his marriage with Alice, the mother. But the dimension Mr. Ball best realizes in his production is its most deeply subconscious one.

Mr. Ball sees the model of the castle as Julian's life, beginning with the chapel that is his mother's womb. When the mother surrogate, Alice, is beaten by the father surrogate, Lawyer, the unborn baby cries out in protest that a miscarriage is occurring and is thrust down the canal gasping in terror. This is dramatized by the chapel catching fire and the altar falling through the floor boards. Again, when Julian speaks of the martyrs being chewed by the jaws of a lion, Mr. Ball interprets this as possibly stemming from the child's memory of the use of forceps on him at birth. And the director suggests that the huge doors opening at the end of the play can be the great door of heaven through which Julian must pass to reach his hallucinated life, and/or a liaison with his wife or mother, and/or a reenactment of the thrusting out of birth which resembles death.

The production itself is wildly imaginative. In the opening scene, David Hurst plays the cardinal, wearing dark glasses to make him look like a gangster, and lolls in an exaggerated large chair to show his disrespect for the spirituality of his office.

Julian, played with constant distraughtness by young Paul Shenar immediately attracts our sympathy, as he faces Scooter Teague's rock-'n'-roll, pop-art Butler, and Ludi Claire's sophisticated, sensual Miss Alice. And at the end of the play when the dying Julian struggles up the stairs to enter the opened doors, a violent force propels him back down, leaving him to die beside the old-lady mask of Alice and the dummy from which it has fallen. Thus we feel not so much that God is coming through the door, but that Julian has reached a point where he can face the pain of hallucination, or even the possible reality that life is meaningless or godless.

Because the staging here is continually violent and dramatic, and crammed with directorial reinforcement such as the use of religious music, the play insists upon our attention throughout, and is livelier than the Broadway production. But again it emerges as a rich grab-bag of subjective manifestations, which here and there release visions and jokes that ring a bell deep inside us.

However, *here* the effectiveness of the production is not the point. For although ACT's survival requires the support of audiences, the primary interest is the extension of the theater artists' expressivity. It is Mr. Ball's belief that in today's theater his maximum efforts and his actors' maximum efforts are all operating on the bottom eighth of their potential. He deplores any approach to performing that inhibits the artist by making him constantly responsible to reproducing a naturalistic truth. At the moment Ball is combatting this by making what is probably too large a circumference for his productions in order to remove the actor's fear of extension. There are voice classes geared to teach actors to learn what their vocal range and stamina is, so that they can control what they do with a speech and can shape it in a variety of ways. Similar exercise periods are held for extending body plasticity, and for giving the actor a large number of ways to make a device effective. And all this is scheduled between rehearsal periods or at night after performances. It is exhausting work that keeps everyone surprisingly refreshed.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Italian Pussycat

WHILE American audiences are still sniggering a bit self-consciously over Clive Donner's dirty fairy tale, *What's New, Pussycat?*, the Italians have come up with a remarkably convincing demonstration that the same material, done without camp and with style, can be not only far more amusing but even meaningful. *Casanova 70,* starring the versatile and ubiquitous Marcello Mastroianni, follows with perilous closeness the plot of its Anglo-American predecessor. A young man with woman trouble visits a mad psychiatrist, is offered a wild solution to his problem, and in the course of solving it, he (and we) encounter a delightful assortment of amazingly pretty girls—Virna Lisi, Michele Mercier, Marisa Mell, Seyna Seyn, and perhaps half a dozen others whose names may be unfamiliar but whose generous lineaments have been popularized in the several men's magazines.

Mastroianni's problem is that he cannot stand the easy conquest, the pushover. For him, romance has savor only when there is an element of danger attached. Thus, engaged to a lovely and demure young lady, he throws her over when a stunning girl who tames lions for an itinerant circus offers to kiss anyone who will enter the cage with her (and, of course, the lions). Attracted to the wife of his commanding officer, he seduces her—then cables the officer that the affair is in progress. The analyst's prediction that all of this can come to no good seems likely to be borne out when Mastroianni meets the wife of a murderously jealous Italian count. The wife wants him to murder her unattractive husband; the husband has his own plans for doing away with Mastroianni. An overly pat courtroom finale is not necessarily the brightest way to reveal the precise nature of Mastroianni's ailment, but the outlook presented—that there is a vast difference between romantic love and merely sleeping around—is enunciated with such refreshing clarity that it almost seems original.

Needless to say at this point, Mastroianni is superb. Whether natty in NATO uniform or sporting a cocky white fedora, he cuts at once a dashing and slightly ridiculous figure—a Casanova who knows from experience that he will conquer, yet hopes he won't. Actually, some of the best scenes illustrate the savorless aftermath of conquest—the overanxious airline hostess with only thirty-eight minutes to catch her plane, the willing chambermaid who spends her night of love being serenaded instead of surrounded. For all of Mastroianni's aplomb, however, major credit must go to director Mario Monicelli (*Big Deal on Madonna Street, The Organizer*), who, quite apart from his contributions to the script, maneuvers his large cast through situations every bit as steamy as in *Pussycat,* but without leaving any of the unpleasant aftertaste.

The Sons of Katie Elder is one of those welcome rarities, a big Western, laden with big names, surveying a big country with lots of Technicolor and Panavision, but never bogging down for too long in expository (or psychiatric) conversations. Under Henry Hathaway's alert direction, the story of four vengeful sons who want to learn who killed their pa and why their mother lost her farm is told with a maximum of action and suspense, which makes it seem a little old-fashioned. But it is exciting nevertheless. John Wayne, oldest of the Elder brothers, returns to the screen unscathed by his recent bout with cancer, and there is something joyous just in seeing him walk, tall and loose, down a dusty Western street. Dean Martin, continuing to demonstrate that the line between movie acting and being natural is slim indeed, provides some of the film's best scenes as the ne'er-do-well Elder. As usual, the scenery provides much of the beauty and some of the suspense; but at least in this instance writing and direction have combined to keep the eye stimulated above and beyond the natural beauties of Durango, Mexico, here standing in for Texas at the turn of the century.

Unfortunately, there is little for eye, ear, or mind in William Castle's egregiously low-budgeted *I Saw What You Did,* an attempt at terror starring Joan Crawford and John Ireland. In point of fact, perhaps for budgetary reasons, Miss Crawford is eliminated by her co-star quite early in the proceedings, before he turns to the more pressing matter of tracking down the source of a telephone call that tells him, "I saw what you did and I know who you are" moments after he has murdered his wife. The call, from teen-age pranksters Andi Garrett and Sarah Lane, probably seemed like a good "gimmick" on which to base an entire film. It isn't.

For a late-summer sampling of fun as it used to be, nothing could be more welcome than Robert Youngson's new compilation film, *Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's,* a rich assortment of lengthy sequences from some of their best two-reelers, with some added splashes from the almost-forgotten Charlie Chase. Laurel and Hardy are as good—in some ways even better—than we remembered; but I found myself hoping that, like a television "spin-off," this film might lead to a more generous compilation devoted entirely to Chase, who preceded Robert Benchley as the middle-class Everyman.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"Did you remember to take your tranquilizer?"

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Johnson

Continued from page 15

and stood for some time, laughing and exulting."

Here is Boswell at his incomparable best. Not a roll of Johnson's shambling gait, not a mischievous twinkle in his eye, not a triumphant pose before the fire is overlooked. It would be overlong and invidious to pick out many similar passages which give to his biography its distinctive appeal. But one may note the subtle diplomacy with which Boswell set about arranging a meeting between Boswell and the radical John Wilkes, whose views were anathema to Johnson.

BOSWELL knew his mentor too well to broach the meeting directly; this would have probably provoked an indignant refusal. But, having got Johnson in a receptive frame of mind by holding out the prospect of a good dinner, something to which he was never indifferent, Boswell began to play on Johnson's contradictoriness, to suggest that perhaps he should not go, that he might even meet Wilkes there. Whereupon Johnson, in a mood of high defiance, roared:

"And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. [A familiar Johnsonian way of imposing cloture.] I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally."

To which the little Scots advocate, with the smug feeling of the cat that has swallowed a canary, disguised his triumph with a deprecating: "Pray, forgive me, Sir; I meant well."

The principal facts of Johnson's life are set down in more orderly fashion in an excellent biography by Joseph Wood Krutch and, more briefly and brilliantly, although not always with complete accuracy, in an essay by Macaulay that is still used in a modern edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (with an added note recognizing the inaccuracies). But no one who has approached the massive figure of Johnson has matched Boswell in close-up snapshots of this ruler of the conversation circle in all moods, from anger and repulsion when Boswell raised the subject of death, about which Johnson was extremely sensitive, to the good-humored growling laugh with which he polished off an opponent in a verbal slugging match.

Johnson, through Boswell, was for me an early discovery. But it was through an accident that I became saturated with this greatest of biographies to a point where I practically memorized considerable sections of the more spirited dialogue. At a time when I knew very little Russian I set out on a long trip to Soviet peasant districts with my wife, who is thoroughly familiar with the language. My only reading material for the journey happened to be a copy of Boswell's *Johnson*. So, in the long vacant stretches when there were no peasants with whom to discuss land tenure and taxes, new schools, Communism, religion, and other subjects of Soviet life, I read and reread many times this minute record of what Johnson liked to call good talk. There are still dim memories of a very different kind of "talk" in smoky huts in the villages of Kursk and Poltava as I smile at Johnson twitting the Presbyterian Boswell about his preference for the "Papist" over the Presbyterian doctrine or admire the manly eloquence of Johnson repudiating the belated favor of Lord Chesterfield in connection with his Dictionary:

> Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

It is worth remembering that, although Johnson by inheritance and conviction was a Tory (he once confessed that, in a magazine which he edited, he saw to it that "the Whig dogs should not have the best of it"), no man was more fiercely independent by nature or less likely to put up with a slight from the highest lord in the land. And his belief in the divine origin and practical necessity of government authority was qualified by this recognition of the right of revolution, in exceptional circumstances: "If the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up and, claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system."

—*Bettmann Archive.*

James Boswell—volunteer public relations agent.

Indeed Johnson's character and ideas were more complex than some of his polysyllabic thunderings might imply. This man, so rough in manner, so fierce in argument, maintained out of his slender resources a whole ménage of helpless dependents (his one marriage with an older woman ended with her death and he had no children) and put up meekly with their quarrels and sometimes unreasonable demands. Boswell can cite several examples of his undaunted physical courage. Yet he feared death and shortly before his life ended he told his old friend Dr. Adams that he feared that he might be damned and, on being pressed for his meaning, he explained, "sent to Hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly."

What is Johnson's significance for the present age? His political, moral, and theological ideas are affected, as to their validity, by the passing of two centuries. There are obvious blind spots in his view of human existence. Boswell is perhaps too adulatory in his final epitaph for the subject of his great work:

"Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence."

Yet in some of his qualities Johnson was a man for all ages. No one could see so clearly and puncture so effectively the soap bubbles of cant and humbug and sentimentality. One sometimes wishes Johnson could return to the Mitre Inn and his haunts in the neighborhood of Fleet Street, so that we might have the benefit of his strictures on modern examples of tyranny and sophistry, and literary and artistic charlatanism and imposture.

Certainly, and thanks to the volunteer Scotch public relations agent whom, as Macaulay says, he scolded, sneered at, and loved, rugged old Samuel Johnson is sure of his place among the immortals of life and literature.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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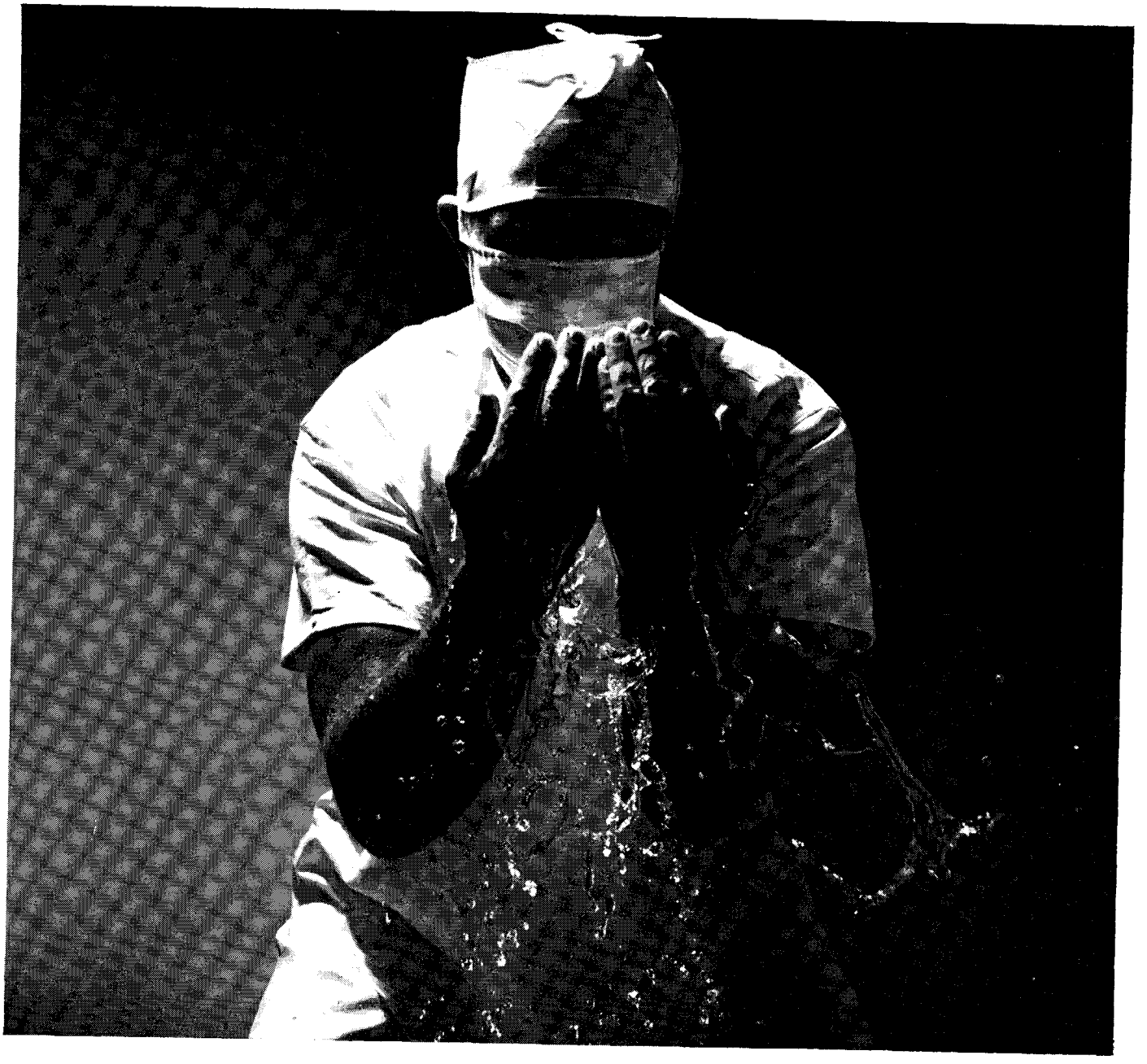

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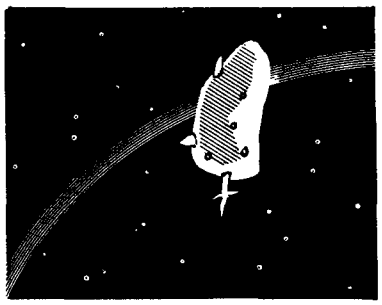

—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Streetwalking—Theory and Practice

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE ORBITING POTATO

VERY few people would sit at the TV for hours to watch a cargo of potatoes take off from planet earth in a spaceship.

Yet a single potato orbiting the sun could hold infinitely greater significance for the future of humanity than would the landing of a man on the moon.

For a man on the moon can tell us nothing new about injecting happiness into life on earth.

But a potato in solar orbit might lead to the secret of how all growth—hence life itself—is regulated.

Now it would be unforgivably irresponsible to imply that a cure for the abnormal growth called cancer is expectable overnight from this or any other experiment. However, it is not only ethical but obligatory to state that the orbiting potato could send back to earth data which, properly interpreted, would provide the key bits in a long and tediously transcribed message capable of revolutionizing the study of biology and the practice of medicine.

It may be that life as it exists on planet No. 3 of the star known as the sun can exist only in the particular environment supporting it here. Apart from sunlight and water, this environment is dominated by several invisible and still largely mysterious forces. One of these—the force of gravity—is being investigated through observation of the weightless effects experienced by pilots of the Gemini moonships orbiting earth. The consequences of another force—geomagnetism—can be measured accurately only by putting some living thing outside the limits at which the force ceases to operate. A solar orbit would sweep beyond those boundaries. And the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is now considering a proposal that the most dependable living thing for such a voyage of discovery would be a potato.

Why a potato?

Because the potato is one of the most rugged organisms natural to our planet. Given a small supply of air, it can survive darkness and cold for months and still grow and sprout seed for progeny.

How can a potato feel the pull of magnetism?

Although how it is done remains to be explained, a long string of experiments extending over a period of years argues strongly that the potato does it.

The scientific line of reasoning on this question begins, as so many lines of scientific study do, with an accident. Young Frank Arthur Brown, Jr., had come out of Beverly, Massachusetts, through Bowdoin College into the great economic depression of 1929. He had won a master's degree at Harvard and was doing a Ph.D. thesis in zoology there. His subject was the fascinating new field of endocrines—the glands that secrete hormones to instruct the body in its performance of vital functions. All his life had been lived beside the sea, and it was natural for him to wonder whether the crustacean inhabitants of the beach were moved by endocrines. Hardly anyone thought they would be. But he confirmed that they were.

For reasons that are disputed to this day, the fiddler crabs he was working with changed color from day to night. As the sun's light brightened the beach, they tended to darken; as dusk fell, their color faded. He found two hormones involved in the alternating mechanism: one originating in the eyestalk of the crab, the other in the crab's central nervous system.

To learn more about what was going on, he kept the fiddler crabs under constant conditions of light in the laboratory in order to be sure that the hormones he injected into the crabs were the only variable element in his experiments. Or, better said, he tried to accomplish that end. But no matter what he did the crabs would darken and lighten in color with the passage of the day just as though they were running free on the open sand.

The crabs were responding to something other than light.

Could it be the temperature?

At that time, it was taken for granted almost universally in science that the rhythmic patterns observable in all forms of life—periods of waking and sleeping, fasting and feeding, mating and nesting—were governed internally. If this were true, and the temperature were pushed up from the normal level, whatever internal oscillators were in action should gain speed; if the temperature were lowered, the clocks should run slower.

So Brown changed the temperature around his captive crabs.

But the crabs went right on alternating their color from dark to light and from light to dark exactly as they had on the beach, regardless of heat or chill.

Obviously, they were responding to some outside force ubiquitous enough to govern the laboratory as well as the beach.

The wonder of this outside something filled Frank Brown's mind and took over his life.

From Harvard he moved to Illinois and thence to Northwestern University. With him to Evanston he took some oysters he had plucked from the harbor waters of New Haven, Connecticut. And he was hardly surprised to find, after his experience with the crabs in Massachusetts, that the oysters opened their shells to feed in Evanston when the tide was high in New Haven harbor.

He was astonished, however, to discover, when the oysters had been in his Evanston laboratory for two weeks, that they were opening their shells about an hour later than their previous schedule.

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This was the time when the tide would be high at Evanston if Evanston lay by the seaside instead of by the shore of Lake Michigan.

On Cape Cod the fiddler crabs had been somehow influenced by the sun without the intervention of sunlight. Here on Lake Michigan the oysters were somehow influenced by the moon without the intervention of the tides of the sea.

COULD both these creatures be responding—by some unknown means—to gravity?

Frank Brown asked himself what other organism might be especially adapted to resolve the question. It would have to be a form of life that never saw the sun under normal circumstances and never knew the movement of tidal water.

Aha! He had it! The potato!

If the metabolism of the potato could be shown to be affected in a measureable way by the movements of the sun and the moon, a basic link of communication between living things and invisible forces beyond the earth would be confirmed.

Now how did one measure the metabolic rate of a potato?

The device invented in Frank Brown's lab to carry out this chore was built around a flask partly filled with water. On the surface of the water a small buoy was floated. Attached to the buoy was a tiny sac filled with oxygen. A hypodermic needle penetrated the membrane of the sac. A tube led from the needle through the stopper in the mouth of the flask to a chamber holding the potato.

As the potato drew oxygen from the space around it, more oxygen was drawn from the sac on the buoy through the hypodermic needle and the connecting tube. As the oxygen in the sac was depleted, the buoy became heavier and sank gradually deeper into the water in the flask. A spring gauge attached to the buoy moved a pen on a roll of graph paper turned by a clock.

It was quite an ingenious instrument. But when a potato was put into it and left in the darkness of the lab, the readings on the graph only added to the mystery. They showed a set of metabolic patterns that fit the passage of the sun, another set that fit the passage of the moon, and other sets that fit rises and falls in the barometric pressure of earth's atmosphere. In fact, graphs of what the potato felt in the atmosphere *two days ago* looked very like the high and low pressure curves on *today's* weather map.

As though the puzzle now were not complicated enough, all the patterns that emerged in the year 1954 were noticeably different from the patterns of previous years. Nothing matched anything that had been seen before.

Frank Brown suffered moments of despair. Would he ever be able to understand the wondrous phenomena that had seized his career? He went down the lake shore to the University of Chicago and described his newest dilemma to physicists there. They were amused. Their counts of primary cosmic rays entering earth's atmosphere in 1954 were haywire, too.

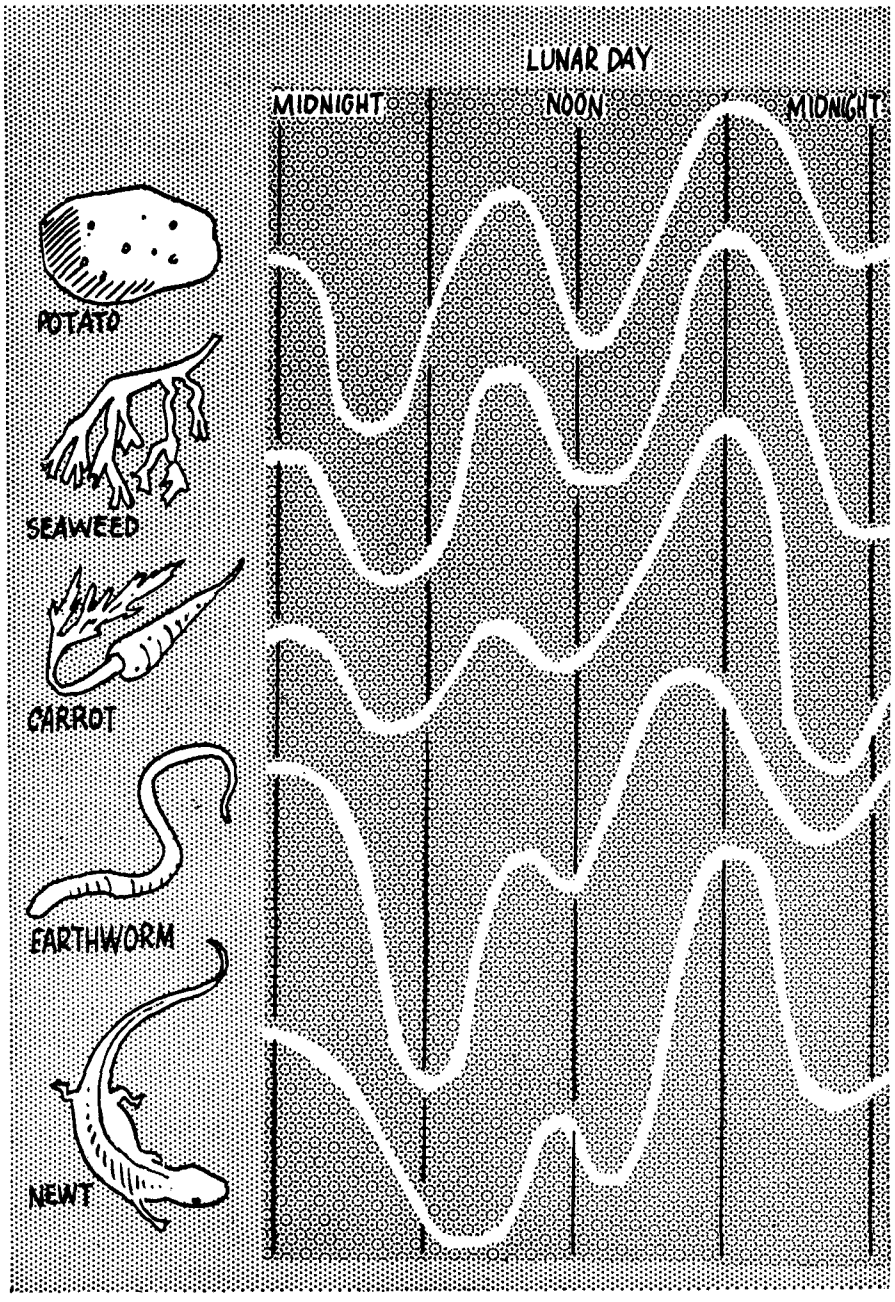
Primary cosmic rays must be counted high in the atmosphere. For as they descend through the gradually thickening air they strike and disintegrate atoms, creating secondary and tertiary cosmic ray showers. After that the power of the original cosmic rays is dissipated.

So if whatever force was throwing the primary cosmic ray count off its normal beat also was throwing the biological rhythms in Frank Brown's lab off beat, that force had to be operating far out in the sky.

Cosmic rays were known to be deflected when magnetic storms on the sun enveloped the earth.

Were Frank Brown's experimental organisms likewise responding to fluctuations in geomagnetism?

For the last decade he has gathered data in support of a positive conclusion, rising meantime to the chair of Morrison Professor of Biological Sciences at Northwestern and to the board of trustees of the Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Hole, Mass. Nine months of each year he has spent at Evanston, the other three at Cape Cod. Faculty colleagues and graduate students have



—*Doug Anderson, after a sketch in an American Institute of Biological Sciences pamphlet.*

DAILY CHART OF METABOLISM shows common pattern in timing of widely differing organisms. There are three approximate peaks: one at 7 A.M., one at noon, one at 6 P.M.

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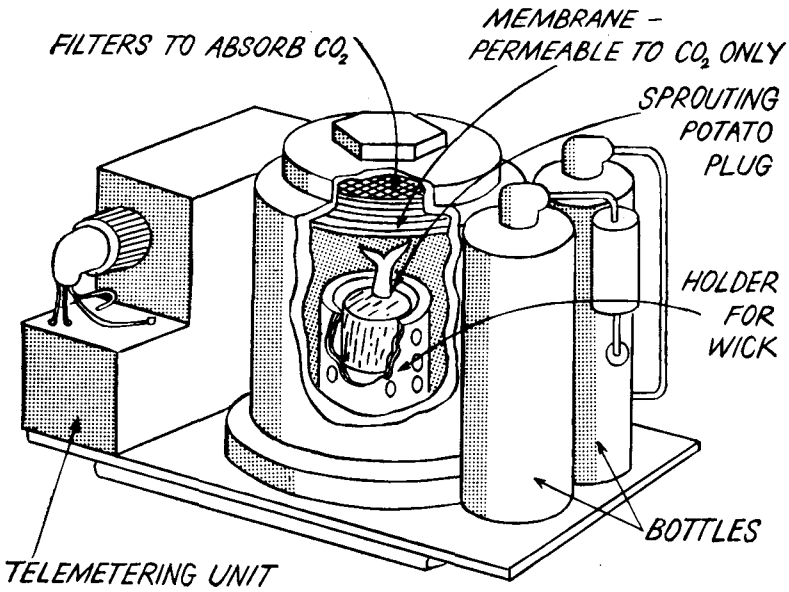

—Doug Anderson, after sketch by Bruce Pinc, Space/Defense Corp.

ORBITING POTATO'S SPACECABIN, nicknamed "Spudnik," as designed for NASA by Space/Defense Corporation, Birmingham, Michigan. Oxygen stored in bottles (right) feeds into center chamber where sprouting potato eye sets in circular wickholder perforated to allow evaporation of water vapor potato needs to survive. Wick prevents water from floating as droplets in weightless environment. Filters absorb potato's carbon dioxide waste. Pressure changes caused by oxygen consumption measure potato's metabolism, are messaged from telemetering box (left) to earth. Oxygen supply lasts ninety days, within which time potato sprout should pass outside earth's magnetosphere and show whether life can survive there.

worked at each place on concurrent experiments, neither group knowing what the other finds until end results are tabulated and compared. Results to date suggest that the same "outside" timers govern the behavior of crabs, oysters, snails, seaweed, salamanders, larva of the mealworm, Swiss mice, rats, hamsters, bean sprouts, carrot slices, paramecium, fruit flies, beetles, birds, chick embryos that have never left the protection of the eggshell, and blind crayfish in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

Proponents of the classic theory that biological "clocks" must be internal continue to question the Brown thesis, despite the absence from the scientific literature of any description of what form internal timers may take. But the weight of experimental evidence is such that the Office of Naval Research, the National Science Foundation, and the National Institutes of Health continue to finance his work, which recently has produced this startling sequence:

The marine mud snail, *Nassarius,* and the needle-sized flatworm, *Dugesia,* move in regular patterns in relation to earth's normal magnetic field.

When the normal field is disturbed by placement of small bar magnets near the snails and the worms, the patterns of movement change to suit the disturbed field force lines.

The snails and the worms are likewise sensitive to the presence of electricity.

And they know when gamma rays are passing through them.

Since electric charge and gamma radiation are both responsive to magnetism, the case for geomagnetic control of some kind over the life of the snails and the worms seemed well enough established to justify a refinement in exploratory technique. Having demonstrated an immediate response to weak magnetic fields like the field of the earth, the experimenters introduced much stronger magnets into the environment of the snails and the worms. There was no immediate response. So the stronger magnets were removed.

About twenty-five minutes later, the experimental organisms resumed their customary response to the weak magnetic field of the earth.

The length of this time lag is curious.

When the human eye is blinded by a sudden flash of light, about twenty-five minutes pass before the eye is able to recover its normal discrimination.

What the eye responds to is, of course, the visible segment of the electromagnetic spectrum.

The possible applications of magnetism in human medicine are only beginning to be appreciated, although they were hinted at in *SR*/Research for February 1962. Dr. Robert O. Becker, a physician specializing in orthopedic research at the Upstate Medical Center of the State University of New York, at that time described experiments indicating that the nervous system of the human animal was fundamentally governed by a slow, steady, direct current of electricity responsive to geomagnetic influence. He and two teammates, physicist Charles H. Bachman and psychiatrist Howard Friedman, had traced statistical relationships between fluctuations in daily magnetic intensity and the number of people admitted to mental hospitals.

"We have a long way to go before we can claim detailed understanding of the relationship between magnetism and the basic rhythms of human life, such as our periods of sleeping and waking and growing," those three researchers wrote. "Nevertheless, we believe that in this direction lies the medicine of the future."

In that same issue of *SR,* attention was drawn to a report in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* in which Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi had published a table of chemical elements with positive and negative electrical charges correlated with the toxicity of those elements in provoking cancers. The consequences of magnetic control of electricity in such a context were not spelled out. But biologists need no reminder that all the molecules of which life is made are either paramagnetic or diamagnetic—the paramagnetics

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being slightly attracted to a magnet and the diamagnetics being slightly repelled.

A recent book edited by physics professor Madeleine F. Barnothy, of the University of Illinois College of Pharmacy, and published by Plenum Press under the title, *Biological Effects of Magnetic Fields,* has been reviewed in *Nature* in these terms:

> The following comments may be made from the point of view of a biologist. There is a reasonably adequate introduction to the subject of magnetic fields and of their possible modes of interaction with biological units. . . . It would have been a great help had there been a clear résumé of methods of measuring magnetic fields, a requirement which most workers will some time have to meet and about which they may well start off quite ignorant.
>
> The second and third sections, dealing with the effects of strong magnetic fields, contain accounts of interesting but specialized work, such as haematological changes in mice, wound healing and tissue regeneration in animals, magnetotropism in plants, tissue respiration, increase of bacterial growth, and increase of trypsin activity. . . . It [is] fairly plain that the subject is as yet only in its infancy.
>
> The fourth section, dealing with the effects of very weak magnetic fields, is probably the most interesting of all. The orientational responses of planarians and snails, the reflexes of the water diviner, and the navigational mechanism of birds are lines of investigation that suggest exciting possibilities. Further, the magnetic fields involved might be described as natural ones, and this gives them added significance.

The last of the comments above concern Professor Brown's experiments principally. They convey some sense of the values inherent in orbiting a potato around the sun. NASA has not yet set a date for this expedition, but a "Spudnik" has been designed and if the conventional scientific opposition to innovation can be overcome, the chosen potato may take off next year.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE classical theory of thunderstorms says that storm clouds discharge lightning in order to release electricity accumulated in the clouds by interaction of positive and negative charges held by falling raindrops. In short, the old idea was that rainfall makes lightning.

Dr. Bernard Vonnegut and Charles Moore, of the Arthur D. Little engineering firm at Cambridge, Massachusetts, believe that the story should be reversed to say that the lightning makes rain.

The rain-from-lightning idea is by no means new. Lucretius, the Roman Epicurean, noticed gusts of heavy rainfall shortly after nearby lightning flashes in

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'

The First Love Call

NOT only biologists, but musicians and composers owe a special debt to the amphibians. For when this class of animals began occupying dry land, somewhere between 200 million and 350 million years ago, in the Carboniferous Period, living organisms began to express themselves in music, in love calls. Not that crustaceans and fish are mute, but we cannot hear the sounds they produce because they are either outside the range of our hearing or drowned out in the water and inaudible from shore. Among insects, as we know, there are some passionate musicians. But in the Carboniferous Period chirping grasshoppers and crickets, humming mosquitoes and flies, screeching cicadas and click beetles did not yet exist. The Carboniferous continents were a silent world—insofar as sounds produced by living creatures are concerned. The only animal sound that mingled with the crash of thunder, the howl of winds, the roar of the sea, and the rumble of falling rocks may have been the metallic swish and hum of giant antediluvian dragonflies.

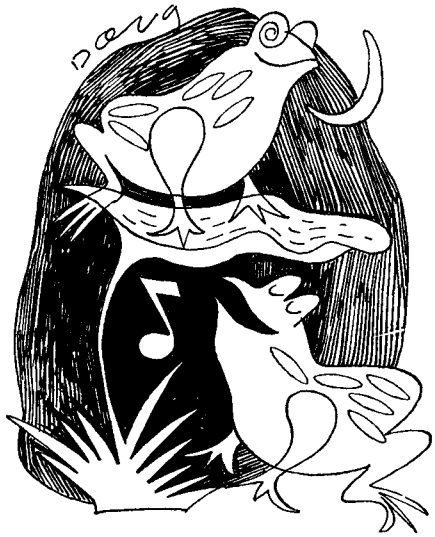
We do not certainly know, of course, whether the primitive amphibians of the Carboniferous Period already possessed vocal cords, but it is quite possible. Amphibians existed before that time. When they conquered all the continents during the Carboniferous Period, they had already assumed an amazing variety of forms—from tiny creatures only a fraction of an inch in size to gigantic armored monsters. And all the characteristics that distinguish present-day amphibians must already have been present then, at least in elementary form.

Genuine batrachians (true frogs or toads), it is true, first appeared only in the Mesozoic Era; but we can scarcely imagine that the as yet unknown ancestors of frogs who lived in the earlier Paleozoic Era did not jump and croak. How otherwise would they have met for mating?

Three orders of Amphibia still remain out of the large numbers of primordial representatives of the class. They are the Gymnophiona, Urodela, and Anura —respectively, the wormlike, tailed, and tailless amphibians.

The wormlike and in many respects still primitive Gymnophiona produce no sounds. . . . The Urodela also—the newts and salamanders—do not raise their voices in a love call. Those among them which are not wholly mute produce only a soft croak, squeak, or peep, and only when molested. Males and females find one another without the aid of music, usually by means of their sense of smell. . . .

While the courtship of salamanders is a silent, almost impersonal ritual, that



of the frogs is a passionate, deafening concert. In the salamanders the female alone is active, in the frogs the male performs virtually an act of violence. Like male crickets and grasshoppers, male frogs make music that lures the female, but they have at their disposal an incomparably richer set of tonalities. Everyone who has attempted to describe the song of the frog resorts to onomatopoeic terms. Each species of frog has its own call: they croak, squawk, grunt, bleat, thrum, chirp, and whistle; they ring like small bells, knock like hammers, clang like struck iron. And they produce all these sounds by means of the same simple method which enables human beings to speak: they make their breath pass over vocal cords.

—HERBERT WENDT

in *The Sex Life of the Animals*
(Simon and Schuster, $7.95).

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the year 58 B.C. The scientific literature of the nineteenth century included similar observations. And now a series of modern research papers is building support for the concept.

Radar studies centering on Grand Bahama Island, British West Indies, showed that lightning is often followed by a rapidly intensifying "echo" in the storm cloud and then by a gush of rain at the ground.

In the summers of 1961 and 1962, Vonnegut and Moore and two teammates (E. A. Vrablik and D. A. McCaig) compared the behavior of storms over Mt. Withington, New Mexico, with the behavior of storms visiting the Bahamas. They rigged up lightning detectors, cameras that photographed the whole sky at once, an array of electronic instruments to measure currents released, another camera that photographed individual raindrops, a master clock, and small buckets that tipped over the moment they were filled with a set amount of rain. Following is a typical history of the sequence of lightning and rainfall as published in the *Journal of the Atmospheric Sciences:*

"A few large raindrops may sprinkle down for a minute or two. . . . The first lightning discharges . . . usually are completely within the cloud. More raindrops then arrive at the earth, but the total amount is not yet enough to wet the ground surface completely.

"The first cloud-to-ground lightning occurs nearby with a crash of thunder; two minutes or so later, a 'gush' of intense rain suddenly arrives at the observatory and causes the first tip of the rain gauge bucket as the first 0.25 millimeter of rain is completed. In completing the second 0.25 mm. of rain catch, the rain intensity often increases. . . . After 1 or 2 mm. of rain has been collected, the rain intensity usually decays . . . until the cloud dissipates or, more frequently, until another nearby lightning discharge occurs, whereupon the sequence is repeated."

THREE-FOURTHS of all the rain that fell during the summer of 1961 fell in such intense "gushes" following lightning strokes. Slightly more than half of the rain that fell in the summer of 1962 fell in the same pattern.

From these repeated observations, the research team of Vonnegut *et al.* concluded that lightning somehow accelerates the process through which raindrops coalesce in a storm cloud. Two different mechanisms were recognized as possible explanations: one acoustical, one electrical. An electrical mechanism would have the advantage of operating for many seconds after the lightning flash; it was therefore favored in the *Journal of Atmospheric Sciences* report quoted from above.

—*Doug Anderson.*

The acoustical possibility has since been explored by Dr. Guy G. Goyer, of the National Center for Atmospheric Research at Boulder, Colorado, who has published his findings in *Nature*. These begin with a statement of historical curiosity—church bells were rung in the Middle Ages to mediate the effects of severe storms—and end with a strong implication that the bell ringers were guided more by a sense of scientific analysis than by seizures of supernatural frenzy.

LIGHTNING bolts are, Dr. Goyer reminds, giant-sized phenomena. They range in length from 1,000 to 9,000 feet and average 5,000 feet, or almost a mile. Only a few precise counts of lightning discharge have ever been made; these average 870 bolts per storm. Formal studies of lightning shock are also rare. But the records include one instance of an entire wall of a house being knocked out, and other cases of window breakage and ceiling cracks. Airplane pilots who have passed near lightning strokes in flight have described the effect as a "severe bump" which sometimes leaves the pilot "stunned."

Dr. Goyer suggests that material damage from shock waves generated by lightning is relatively little known because the disturbance of the air is distributed differently than the disturbance created by a man-made explosive charge. Unless deliberately shaped to other ends, explosives act spherically, whereas the shock of lightning is confined to a very long cylinder with a radius of perhaps twenty feet from the channel followed by the electric flash itself. Besides, the frequencies of the shock waves sent out by the passage of lightning through the air are generally lower than the frequencies of the shock waves from explosives. Since the damage done by any shock wave is partly dependent on how the frequency of the wave matches the resonance frequencies of the objects that are shaken, and since resonance frequencies of many widely used building materials are higher than the dominant frequencies of lightning shock waves, the full power of lightning shock does not assert itself in conventional and obvious ways.

However, the scientific literature contains numerous examples of the effects of shock waves on precipitation of water drops. The mere blowing of an auto horn is enough, under certain circumstances, to freeze supercooled droplets of fog. A pistol shot has the same result. Farmers in the Po River valley of Italy for the last fifteen years have been firing explosive rockets into thunderclouds to reduce damage done to their crops by hail. The shock waves soften the rime around the raindrops, so that the hailstones shatter on striking the earth. And Dr. Duncan Blanchard, of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, has fired explosives comparable to lightning bolts in the controlled conditions of a wind tunnel and shown that single drops of water could be jolted into five to twenty fragments each. Dr. Goyer says this could be the explanation of the "gushes" of rain observed in the Bahamas and in New Mexico by the research team of Vonnegut and company.

Dr. Goyer put his acoustical thesis to a practical test during the last two winters in Yellowstone National Park. The geyser, "Old Faithful," could be counted on to hang a mist cloud in the air once every hour. By hanging a balloon 300 feet over the geyser and waiting for the cloud to form, Dr. Goyer was able to replicate the effect of a lightning shock by setting off explosives from the balloon. In one instance, hailstones fell for half a minute. In another instance, a sudden shower occurred 2,000 feet downwind from "Old Faithful." One observer described it as follows: "A curtain of rain was seen to fall from the geyser plume as it moved down the valley."

Aside from acoustical and electrical mechanisms triggered by lightning, there is another: chemical reaction in the atmosphere. Ozone and oxides of nitrogen are known to be formed by the electric stroke. The consequences of these recombinations on rainfall have never been examined.

So, although lightning bolts surely were the earliest manifestations of electricity to attract man's attention, they remain almost as mysterious today as they did ages ago. It is still not known whether past changes in the electrical potential of the earth and its atmosphere may have worked to change earth's climate. Nor is it known whether, by artificially adding to the electrical potential now, man may in future find effective means of regulating the weather.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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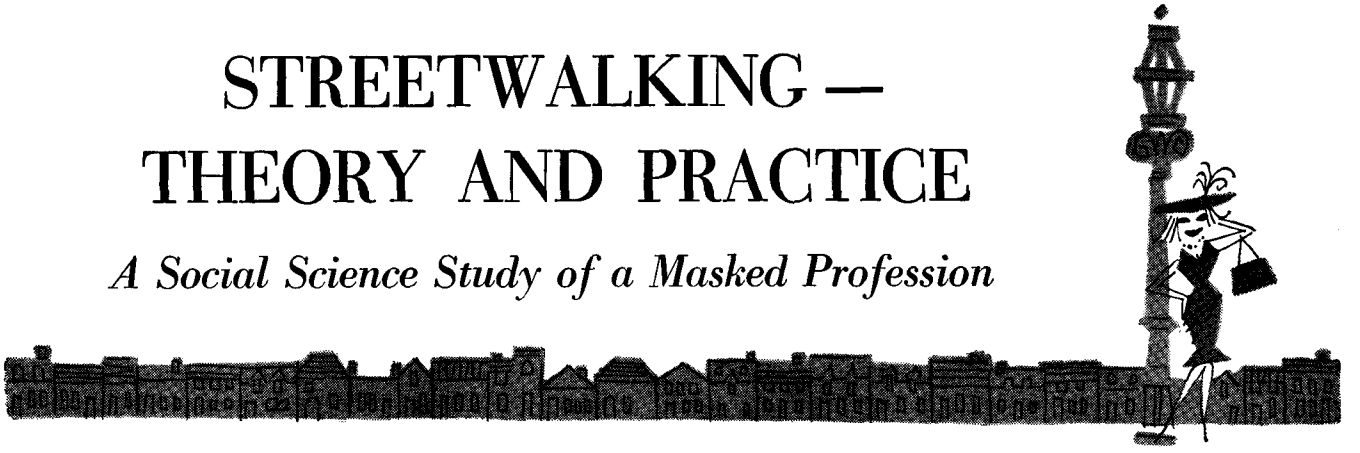
STREETWALKING — THEORY AND PRACTICE

A Social Science Study of a Masked Profession



By VERN L. BULLOUGH

PROSTITUTION is and has always been a subject which engenders a great deal of emotion and little scholarly study. While the prostitute has appeared in literature at least from the time of the Greeks, she has only too rarely appeared in the scientific or scholarly monograph. While an occasional investigator has looked at prostitution and the prostitute, these investigations have been spasmodic, unorganized, and incomplete.

Although the lacks are somewhat understandable in the light of the nature of the subject, they have allowed much misinformation to circulate about the extent, nature, and causes of prostitution, and this information has been widely disseminated to the general public. In order to assist serious examination of the subject, it might be helpful to give a brief historical resumé of investigations into some areas of prostitution, and to indicate the real extent of present knowledge.

Available official statistics on prostitution relate only to (a) inscribed women in countries where regulation exists or existed and (b) women convicted for soliciting. Both of these figures are inaccurate because even in those countries where prostitution has been or is legal, only a proportion of women actually practicing prostitution are listed on the official rolls. Missing are the clandestine, part-time, and amateur prostitutes, as well as most of the higher-status prostitutes. Arrest figures are also extremely misleading since they tend to concentrate on the low-status prostitute, fluctuate with the views of individual magistrates or in response to public opinion, and change from area to area because of different regional attitudes.

Still, when these weaknesses have been pointed out, there is some validity in official figures. The pioneer effort to define the extent of prostitution was made by the French physician Alexandre Jean Baptiste Parent-Duchatelet in 1836. His was the first statistical study of prostitution. In examining the police register in Paris, where prostitution was controlled by the municipal government, Duchatelet found that there were 3,558 prostitutes. Comparing this number with the number registered in 1814, he found that prostitution had been increasing but not more rapidly than the population. This conclusion was borne out by later studies which indicated that while in 1854 there were over 4,000 inscribed prostitutes in Paris, the population of the city had increased proportionately in the intervening decades.

Previous to Duchatelet's study, and unfortunately even after his study appeared, there were tremendous variations in the estimates of the extent of prostitution. Typical was the one made by Michael Ryan for London. Ryan followed the form set by Duchatelet, but did not restrict himself to the methodology worked out by the French physician. As a result, Ryan concluded (and his estimates are still often quoted) that there were some 80,000 prostitutes in London. Using these figures, a contemporary skeptical reader estimated that since the total female population of London was 769,628 of whom 394,814 were women between the ages of fifteen and fifty years, Ryan's estimate would have made one out of every five adult women a prostitute. Ryan had even gone further in his claims by stating that fully two-thirds of the women on the streets were under twenty years of age. Since there were an estimated 78,962 females between fifteen and twenty years old in London, Ryan would have had almost every one of them acting as a prostitute. The effect of Ryan's statement was to imply that almost every wife and mother in London had at one time been a prostitute. Yet few if any clergymen objected. And no husband rose to defend the integrity of his wife.

Ryan's figures were for the nineteenth century. Similar figures are circulated for modern American cities without any real attempt at analysis or any challenge from enraged womanhood. Ben L. Reitman, for example, estimated that there were 100,000 prostitutes in Chicago in 1930. Fortunately a considerable number of investigators followed the somewhat more scientific method set out by Parent-Duchatelet, both in the United States and in Europe, and the statistical reports of the League of Nations in the 1920s and 1930s were a continuation of his work.

All of these reports, however, suffered from the fact that they were based either on arrest records or on inscribed women. The first real deviation from this standard was the statistical sampling technique modified and extended by the late Alfred C. Kinsey and co-workers. Kinsey estimated that on the basis of his sample some 65 per cent of the total white male population in the United States ultimately had some experience with prostitutes. Many of these males, however, never had more than a single experience or two at most, and not more than 15 per cent of them ever had such relations more than a few times a year. In fact, when the total sexual outlet of the male population was considered, Kinsey estimated that contact with prostitutes amounted only to between 3.5 and 4 per cent of sexual experience.

BY far the largest proportion of those turning to prostitutes were unmarried males: either bachelors, divorcés, or widowers. Kinsey's figures tended to show that younger men were less accustomed to visit prostitutes than their fathers had been at a comparable age. He also tended to lower the estimates of the number of males who went to prostitutes. While the sampling technique of Kinsey has been criticized, he did tend to cut down some of the wild guesses made by some of the more sensational writers on the subject. Obviously, however, neither the methods of Duchatelet nor Kinsey have indicated the true extent of prostitution and there is a real need for new exploratory techniques.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have seen an attempt to investigate some of the sociological factors in the formation of the prostitute. Duchatelet was the pioneer here also. In his study of Parisian prostitutes, he found that the inscribed prostitute of the 1830s was in

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her late teens or early twenties, illiterate, poor, probably illegitimate or from a broken family, and likely to have been a prostitute for only a short time and willing to leave the profession if something better turned up.

While some of Duchatelet's methods can be challenged, his importance lies in the fact that he emphasized the economic, educational, and sociological causes of prostitution—a significant break with the past where the prostitute, at least in the Judaic-Christian cultures, had usually been regarded as a "fallen" woman who had turned to prostitution because of some character defect which could only be overcome by her reconversion to religion.

Subsequent studies by others further emphasized the economic and sociological causes of prostitution.

In 1855, Dr. William Sanger, with the assistance of the New York City police, had some 2,000 prostitutes fill out questionnaires giving such information as nativity, age, economic background, and reasons for becoming a prostitute. In the survey a correlation, which would seemingly hold today, appeared between immigrant groups and prostitution. By far the largest number of prostitutes (some 706) were immigrants from Ireland and it was the Irish at that time who were arriving in the greatest numbers in America and who were the most outcast and dislocated group. A large number of the American-born prostitutes came from New England, primarily from the textile towns which were also centers of great community disorganization.

George Kneeland made a similar study in New York City in 1912, this time of 2,363 prostitutes. Russia, the home of a large number of Jewish migrants, was then the country of derivation of the largest number of immigrant prostitutes. Ireland was a poor fourth, indicating the changing status of the New York Irish. Negroes, totally ignored by Sanger, were also becoming an increasing source of prostitution.

Both Sanger and Kneeland drew their information from the police records, and their statistics are heavily weighted towards the lower end of the social scale since low-status women are most likely to be arrested. Nonetheless, such studies made it obvious that the prostitutes came from the dislocated, dispossessed, and helpless.

Because the economic causes were given so much stress in these earlier statistical studies, a great deal of attention was focused upon the early Soviet experience. The Communists claimed that the chief cause of prostitution was capitalism. Nevertheless, prostitution continued to exist in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, albeit in a different form than it had in Czarist Russia.

In sum, while poor living conditions, unhealthy neighborhoods, neglected homes, inadequate education, low levels of intelligence, ignorance of sexual matters or too early sex experience, and a whole combination of personal and environmental factors, many of which are most likely to occur in lower economic levels, are found in the backgrounds of a great many prostitutes, the remarkable thing is not that women with such backgrounds become prostitutes but that so many women from the same background do not.

PART of the answer seems to lie in the fact that the prostitute in our society is not only being paid for her sexual services, but for a loss of social standing as well. The women who turn to prostitution *ipso facto* become outcasts, condemned by the moral systems of modern Western societies. If this thesis has any validity, then the woman who consciously or unconsciously seeks such a life has a personality problem, and prostitution is only a symptom of greater difficulties. This is an area which has been little studied but in which there is much theorizing, most of it farfetched.

The pioneer in the field of modern sex behavior research, Richard von Krafft-Ebing, did not even discuss prostitution in his *Psychopathia Sexualis*, perhaps because he was unable to recognize it as symptomatic of deeper personality problems. It was not until Freud's appearance that attention began to be paid to prostitution as a form of deviant sexual behavior, although Freud generally ignored the subject himself.

Working from a different orientation than Freud, but also a pioneer in sexual studies, was Havelock Ellis. He was one of the first, if not the first, writer in English to discuss the psychological aspects of prostitution. Ellis argued that economic motivations were insufficient to explain prostitution; he also disagreed with Cesare Lombroso, one of the founders of the science of criminology, who felt that the basis of prostitution was to be found in moral idiocy or inherent tendencies. Ellis was also one of the first to cast doubt on the popular belief that the prostitute was an extremely sensual woman.

Karl Abraham carried Ellis's idea about the lack of sexuality in the prostitute even further by arguing, without much empirical evidence, that it was only when a woman could not enjoy the sex act with one partner that she felt compelled to change partners constantly: in other words, to become a female Don Juan. The prostitute avenged herself on every man by demonstrating that the sex act, which was so important to him, meant very little to her; she was thus unconsciously or perhaps consciously humiliating all men by having intercourse with any and all customers.

Edward Glover, primarily from theoretical grounds, argued that the Oedipus conflict was an important determinant in the development of the prostitute. He felt that even though the prostitute had broken away from her home and love ties with her father, beneath the surface of rebellious independence the prostitute suffered from childish hostilities toward her mother and acute disappointment with her father. Most prostitutes, he concluded, were sexually frigid, had an unconscious hostility toward males, and had homosexual tendencies. Although other investigators have also accepted the concept of latent homosexuality, few have gone as far as Frank Caprio, who argued that prostitution was a defense mechanism against homosexual desires, desires which had forced the prostitute to turn to a pseudo-heterosexuality rather than take overt homosexual action.

Unfortunately, while the insights of an Abraham, a Glover, or a Caprio are helpful in understanding prostitution, their value is very limited because they are based on so few cases. Very little empirical research has been conducted into the nature of prostitution and many of the psychoanalytic interpretations are based on the chance patient or patients which any analyst might have. It is also obvious that there is no single cause of

Vern L. Bullough, native to Salt Lake City, is a professor of history at San Fernando Valley State College in California, where he teaches medieval history and the history of science. He can't recall just how he first became interested in prostitution as a subject for scientific study. But it was a report he wrote for "The Humanist" in 1959 that propelled him into a book-length examination published last year by University Books under the title: "History of Prostitution." He is now chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union's Southern California committee on sex, prostitution, and abortion. He hopes to trace the changes that occur in the oldest profession as the status of woman rises. The text reproduced here appeared originally in the new "Journal of the History of the Behavioral Sciences."

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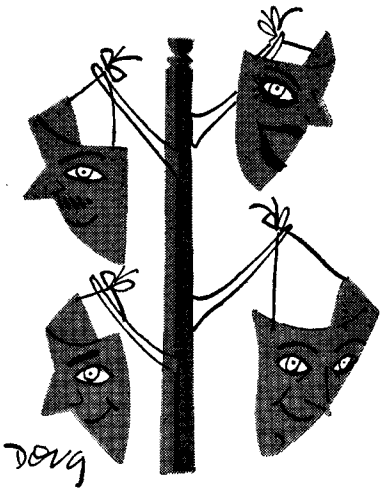
prostitution but that a whole complex of psychological and environmental factors are involved. Too many writers have formulated hypotheses without doing many case studies but instead depending upon a general concept analysis, which may or may not be correct but in any case has not been empirically validated.

The early psychoanalysts did help to change the public image of the prostitute; but to carry their insights to fruition requires the unification of field work, counseling, personality inventory, psychoanalysis, and other means of probing into the mind and personality of the prostitute. One of the most significant attempts at such a study was the work of an anonymous English author, *Women of the Streets*; it involved statistical sampling of 150 prostitutes, plus a smaller number of depth studies. The author found that there were radically different personalities and status levels among street walkers. The more well-to-do, those who worked in the better sections of London, were more likely to be charming, educated, and seemingly sympathetic, while those who worked in the poorer neighborhoods



were more socially embittered and more obviously out to get the best of their customers.

All of the prostitutes reflected alienation from a society, and despite widespread popular belief to the contrary, it was found that prostitutes worked hard at their jobs. While they were often generous, they were also untruthful and spiteful. None of the women felt that she worked for pleasure. On the whole, they tended to transfer their own guilt feelings to their customers; that is, the prostitute rationalized that she was earning her wages while her customer was deceiving his wife or otherwise not acting in an honest way.

Supplementing the English study is an American one by Harold Greenwald, the most thorough and scientific treatment to date on the upper-class prostitute. Greenwald's findings are based on only twenty cases, a number which would be considered an inadequate sample in most areas of social research; but in a field where there are few empirical studies and a lot of theorizing, Greenwald's study is nearly unique.

Some of the interviews were conducted by Greenwald himself while others were carried out by call girls whom he trained. Not surprisingly, the study indicated that the American upper-class prostitute had the same charm, manners, and social-class background as the upper-class London streetwalker; they even had the same view toward their clients and toward themselves.

Greenwald claimed that the primary predisposing factor in the girls' background was a history of severe maternal deprivation. This loss of mother-love caused the child to turn increasingly to her father for affection, but usually the father failed to give the necessary emotional support; this led the girl to eventually turn to self-abasement in an attempt to hurt the parents. Prostitution also represented a search for security, for the warmth and love that the adult woman had not received as a child.

Greenwald's explanation is seemingly somewhat contradictory to earlier explanations, which tended to emphasize a faulty relationship with the father as one of the key factors in leading a girl into prostitution. But in a sense Greenwald's findings are more of an amplification, since the girl's relationship with the father only becomes so crucial when the mother is either absent or unable to give the maternal affection the child craves.

Another study, this time of twelve cases, was made by the French psychoanalyst Maryse Choisy, who early in her career spent a month as a waitress in a French brothel gathering material for a newspaper series. On the basis of her psychoanalytic experience, she concluded that the union of the prostitute with the client was one of debasement in which both partners expressed their aggression and hostility in a sadomasochistic relationship, with the woman seeking revenge on her father and the man on his mother. Even the money which changes hands is a symbol of mutual contempt.

THE difficulty with Choisy's analysis is that she is much too prone to make wide generalizations on what some investigators would hold to be insufficient evidence. This is a difficulty which continually plagues any investigation into prostitution, where the actual number of case studies is very small. Not all students of psychic symbolism would agree with the Choisy analysis of money in the business transaction of prostitution; some feel that it could be a search for security, while others indicate that the transaction is closely connected with the anal desires of the child. Regardless of the symbolism, it is generally agreed that prostitutes only infrequently save the money they earn but instead spend it rather lavishly on their men or attempt to buy things which they never really want or use.

It has also been argued that the prostitute as well as her client present a false or pseudo-personality to one another. The relationship is brief, incognito, not particularly selective, as if both participants were wearing masks. This enables the prostitute to avoid the closeness of a real affectionate bond, a bond which she is too immature to accept without almost unbearable anxiety. This protective mechanism is usually carried over into actual conversation with the clients and even with various interviewers, since the prostitute usually does not tell the truth about herself. Lying has become a protective mechanism, part of the pseudo-personality.

Still other investigators have regarded prostitution as an extreme form of self-abasement which is a response to an unresolved father attachment. At least one observer has looked upon the prostitute as having a Circe complex, a desire to turn men into swine.

Emphasizing the need for basic research is a British study of some 400 wayward girls. Here it was found that promiscuity was usually a transitory phase, an attempt to find at least a temporary adjustment to life. Prostitution was not the long-term adjustment which most of the girls were seeking, since most of them turned to other activities more acceptable to society. The paradox is that those girls who became prostitutes had normal intelligence and superficially little more emotional difficulties than those who did not.

In sum, there is no easy answer to why girls turn to "intercourse of the genitals" and not of the person. Prostitution is clearly an antisocial behavior in most Western societies, and is undoubtedly a method of emotional adjustment to meet deep psychological needs. It is also obvious that after nearly 150 years of behavioral investigation into the subject, there is still no really comprehensive study of prostitution. While several recent studies have appeared on the historical and anthropological nature of prostitution, and there have been biographies or autobiographies of several prostitutes, there is a real need to start an all-encompassing study or studies on the extent of prostitution, the causes of prostitution, and the nature of prostitution; there are obvious economic, social, and psychological factors involved, but the surface has only just been scratched.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—AAMC.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *In medicine, no one seems quite sure. Considerable confusion exists even on the question of where we are now. A widespread belief is that new scientific discoveries are translated into clinical practice too slowly. Yet there is everywhere evidence of damage to the human organism from too speedy adoption of innovations. Many patients feel that doctors too frequently are unsympathetic to the patients' needs, while many doctors feel that much of what patients demand is degrading to medical science. Obviously, something has happened to the close rapport once taken for granted in the physician-patient relationship. A candid and wide-ranging debate might relieve the tension and improve understanding. To encourage such an end, SR publishes below a public paper read recently by the retiring executive director of the Association of American Medical Colleges. It is followed by dissident letters.*

BY WARD DARLEY, M.D.

University of Colorado School of Medicine

THE growing effectiveness of medicine during the past quarter-century stems from the vast amount of disease-oriented research that has taken place, and from the resulting acceleration of specialism and the organization of personnel and facilities that has translated the knowledge from this research into service. But from here on, while disease-oriented research will continue to increase medicine's effectiveness, I believe the most important factor will be deliberate development of research toward concepts and practices that will increase the efficiency of medical care without decreasing or minimizing the effectiveness of medical care.

The urbanization of our population and the development of rapid communication and transportation have greatly reduced both the time and distance that used to be involved in the care of patients. Increasingly effective therapy has shortened the time required for the management of many long-term, time-consuming illnesses. Scientific and technical developments have resulted in increasingly accurate instruments and techniques, many of which can be applied by assistants. The use of the hospital has increased and now stands as a facility for the diagnosis and treatment of many types of illness that formerly were handled in the doctor's office and in the patient's home. In the hospital, the physician can move rapidly from patient to patient and also can amplify his services through the help of interns, residents, nurses, and technicians. The graduate nurse, because of practical nurses, nurses' aides, orderlies, and many types of volunteer workers, can do the same. Specialism—in all of the professional and technical areas of medicine—has magnified the effects of all of these developments.

In short, it can be said that, as compared with a few years ago, it is now possible for relatively fewer health-service personnel to apply greater amounts of knowledge to more people in less time. This surely sounds as if medical care has been increasing in both efficiency and effectiveness.

This may be, and as long as increases in efficiency can go hand in hand with increases in effectiveness I have no complaint. But there must be a limit to which increasing efficiency can go at the expense of time per patient. A certain amount of time per patient is essential, if only to permit proper application of scientific and technical knowledge. I, for one, believe that in the hustle and bustle of present-day medical service, patients frequently are being denied even this kind of time. I believe that our dependence upon timesaving developments in medical care is reaching the point of diminishing returns.

Assuming that the time per patient is enough to satisfy proper scientific and technical considerations, this alone will not suffice. Because, in spite of our scientific and administrative progress in the field of medicine, the interpersonal relationship between the health professional and his or her patients will always be an indispensable tool of therapy. If time limitation is allowed to reduce the effective use of this tool, we are led to overemphasize disease and underemphasize the care of the patient in whom the disease may be present.

Furthermore, since most medical research and medical care are oriented toward the diagnosis and treatment of disease, there is little impetus to be concerned about where patients go or what they do between episodes of illness; or, even during such episodes, about where they go or what they do between trips to an office or a hospital. In other words, there is now too little inclination to relate the concerns of medical care to the living and working environments of patients—the places where they become ill or where they get well. As a consequence, it is unusual for those taking the primary responsibility for the care of patients to have any firsthand appreciation of the ultimate beginnings of an episode of illness or of its ultimate consequences upon the patient or his family. This forestalls the practice of effective preventive medicine. It also dilutes the quality and the effectiveness of the care of chronic illness and the practice of rehabilitation.

I believe that the potential of medical care is too great, and that the organization for its delivery too difficult and expensive, to continue to justify the trial-and-error approach that has characterized the past. I believe that the time has come when change must be planned and controlled. And if this is to happen, we must first reach general agreement on the concepts and goals that should govern whatever system of medical care we think we should have.

I BELIEVE we should aim for a medical establishment capable of providing every type of care and every amount of care that our people may need. Therefore, I say we should seek a system of person- and family-centered service, rendered by a well-balanced, well-organized core of professional and technical personnel who, by using facilities and equipment that are both physically and functionally related, can deliver effective service at a cost that is economically compatible with individual, family, community, and national resources. This is my definition of what is commonly called "comprehensive care."

In 1963 a report entitled "Education for the Health Professions" was submitted to the Governor and the Board of Regents of the State of New York by the New York State Committee on Medical Education. Dr. Lester J. Evans, now consultant in education for the health professions to the University of Illinois, was the principal author. It stated:

"Basically, comprehensive medical care is the kind of compassionate, personalized, birth-to-death attention—preventive, advisory, and rehabilitative, as well as diagnostic and therapeutic—that the ideal family physician used to give (and

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sometimes still gives), within the limits of his knowledge and facilities.

". . . There is nothing new or complicated in the concept. . . . What is new and complicated is adapting the concept to the uses of urban society and specialized skills, so that medical care does not become increasingly an episodic, impersonal, and even haphazard matter of a patient's shopping in bewilderment from specialist to specialist, none of whom may know the emotional and environmental problems interacting with his organic complaint. The aim should be to combine the concentrated knowledge and skills of the specialists with the broad understanding, wisdom, and continuing care of the generalist to the end that the patient receives precisely as little or as much care as he requires. . . ."

The most important thing here is the interest, knowledge, and judgment that will be required to decide between care that is precisely as little or precisely as much as the patient may need. The necessary judgments cannot be resolved with an equation, a slide rule, or a computer. Judgments in health and medicine, even quick ones, are entirely dependent upon a high order of human cerebration.

Thus, the professional judgment of the first-contact physician, whether he be specialist or generalist, is of tremendous importance to the initiation of the care of every single patient. Therefore, all physicians—in fact all members of all of the health professions—should be oriented to the concept of comprehensive care. But it is the general physician who must be available to give substance to this care, and if he is to have the broad understanding and wisdom required of the concept, he himself must be a specialist.

I prefer to call this physician "a specialist in family medicine." His will be a special task involving responsibility that will require a special kind of training, particularly in psychiatry, pediatrics, internal medicine, preventive medicine, and rehabilitation. It will be these competences that will place him in a position to be effective in the evaluation and management of disease—and also of health; to cooperate effectively with other specialists; to work with, even supervise, professional and technical personnel from fields ancillary to medicine and, consequently, to guide his patients through the ever-increasing maze of medical care.

The implication here is that teamwork will dominate the future patterns of medical care. Therefore, the study of teamwork should be an important component of any research that has to do with medical care.

Before teamwork itself can be made subject to evaluation, it will be necessary to establish criteria to describe effective teamwork and then to develop methods of measurement. Both the identification and measurement of criteria must be in terms of what happens at the level of the patient and the various individuals on the team who will be taking or sharing the responsibility for his care. The research should lead to the answers to such questions as: What do the members of the team do or not do, or say or not say, that makes the patient get well? Or stay well? Or stay sick?

Research that will permit the answers to such questions will involve the no-man's-land between the variability and the fallibility, the capability and the adaptability, of human nature. It is in this environment that patient care takes place.

Aside from the money, it is important to reckon the resources that will be required for the serious study of comprehensive medical care. Since universities must have programs of research and patient care within which they can educate professional and technical people for the nation's medical establishment, it is logical that these institutions—particularly those with professional and technical schools in the health and medical sciences—should be looked to as the principal resource for this enterprise.

But if the universities are to contribute this in addition to their basic and clinical sciences in the various fields of health and medicine, it will be necessary for them to take their resources in the behavioral and social sciences—the sciences that will help solve the criteria problems of which I speak—and reach across the campuses into surrounding communities, thus gaining access to the social laboratories in which students, faculty, and the leadership representing the community's stake in medical care can all work together. Models of systems of medical care, and the research and education which they will encompass, must be operated in an environment where the vendors and the recipients of medical care are functioning under the conditions of everyday life.

Work basic to research in medical care is slowly increasing. A considerable literature has resulted. I believe that many of the intellectual and physical resources needed for this work are at hand. Also, financing is beginning to appear. All that remains to be provided is the will.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Governing Medicine (Continued)

RE: "Who Should Govern Medicine?" [*SR*, June 5]:

I am sure that I am not alone in agreeing that the American Medical Association has fallen into the hands of the far right and in fact represents the thinking of a decreasing number of doctors. This is in no small part because of the fact that those who enjoy the inner politics of the AMA are of a conservative but nonacademic turn of mind. Those more interested in the scientific side of medicine eschew this organization and devote their time to the smaller but more intellectual groups. These last do not pretend to have any direct effects on or interest in the finances of the individual doctors; in effect, these are the only "trade" organizations that I know of which are devoted to doing themselves out of a job.

Your editorial does contain several illogical and inconsistent points. For example, it is quite obvious that "simply by voting to raise the number of medical students in their schools" by no means would solve the primary problem of getting a greater number of teachers; rather it would immediately lower the standards of its graduates—and where in the world can one find higher standards?

Your discussion of the licensure betrays your ignorance of the fact that the average graduate of the average United States medical school considers passing the state licensing examinations no appreciable problem: passing the medical schools' final examinations is much more of a hurdle. Licensure, therefore, can hardly dictate policy. And, if you have had experience with the medical care offered by unapproved school graduates who, thirty years ago, could barely pass the licensing examinations, you know what progress has been made by these boards which oversee the medical schools.

"Team medicine will have to suffice" suggests that the science editor is harking back to our childhood when the good old family doctor (generally thought of as arriving with a black bag in a horse and buggy through a snowstorm at night) would solve all our problems. With the tremendous advances in medical knowledge during the past four decades this nostalgic Olympian figure is gone forever. Never again can one doctor's knowledge be all-encompassing.

And finally, let us touch on the utilization of doctors as one of the reasons for their alleged shortness of supply. In this affluent society, the public believes that a physician can—and should—be summoned immediately for every ache, pain, and minor crisis, physical or mental. Though this tends to allay the patient's anxiety it is a tremendous waste of highly trained medical personnel. On a broad scale, the abuse of medical talent is what is responsible for keeping doctors from settling in small communities where they can, to be sure, make a sufficient living but will regretfully find that they are wasting their training on trivia; they will be summoned for the minor ailments but their city brethren will be consulted for the major illness.

FRANKLIN K. PADDOCK, M.D., F.A.C.P.
The Berkshire Medical Group.
Pittsfield, Mass.

I WAS extremely interested in reading your scientific report on who should control med-

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icine, and even more interested in reading the letters received by yourself and published in *SR*, July 3. The criticisms of your article are, I think, mostly justified. Your editorial answer to these letters makes the total subject coverage quite good. I am now moved to comment myself.

You, apparently, somewhat off the top of your head, have come up with the suggestion that the deans themselves could increase the available medical manpower by simply increasing the size of their class enrollments without, you state, disturbing the quality of education. There are two flaws in this assumption. First of all, it would not make a great deal of difference in the quality of the lecture to add twenty students to a lecture normally containing sixty. However, to find bedside clinical material for those twenty students throughout their medical school career, plus laboratory space, might create a considerable physical plant problem in most medical schools today.

Even if your suggestion were feasible, there is the problem of where to find the students. In 1947 and 1948, there were 18,629 total applicants for 6,512 places in the American medical schools. In 1962 and 1963, there were 15,847 applicants for 8,959 places.

While these statistics indicate many more applicants than places, there are many more people applying than are emotionally, intellectually, or psychologically adapted to the study of medicine. I refer you to the University of Minnesota, which, a few years back, was directed by the Legislature of the State of Minnesota to increase the size of the freshman class at the University Medical School in Minneapolis. The freshman class was increased by seventy-five students, bringing the total, I think, to 200. The university had to scrape the bottom of the barrel to find 200 students for that particular class. The following year, the Legislature failed to appropriate additional funds to support this increase in enrollment, and the Medical School was able, by the end of the senior year, to bring that class back down to 125 without any difficulty. The seventy-five additional students were unqualified to study medicine and could not make the grade.

A great deal more money is available for subsidization of graduate-level education in physics, chemistry, and engineering than in medicine. Consequently, the intellectually capable student qualified to study a scientific discipline is far more motivated to seek a graduate degree in aeronautics, physics, electronics, or some other very popular scientific endeavor today.

You speak of the Coggeshall Report. I refer you to an article by Dr. Coggeshall, published in an alumni bulletin of the University of Chicago several years ago, in which he documented the fact that the average stipend available at that time for graduate-level students seeking a Ph.D. in any of these fields would be several thousand dollars a year compared to the average stipend available to the medical student throughout his medical school and postgraduate training period of around $500 a year. This latter figure includes the totals, average per year, from the day the student enters medical school (which would correspond to the day that the graduate-level student would enter graduate school) to the time he finishes his medical education, including a residency.

KEATS K. VINING, JR., M.D.,
Chairman, Medical School Committee,
Kent County Medical Society.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I HAVE READ with great interest your thoughtful and well-written article "Who Should Govern Medicine?" Some of your comments prompt me to offer a few of my ideas about this subject which seem to me to be at variance with your concepts. I have more than thirty years of experience with medical practice, private and group, and with medical education in three universities, part-time and full-time.

There are those of us in the upper echelons of medical education who, in spite of United States Public Health Service statistics, do not believe there is a serious shortage of doctors in America. There is terribly bad distribution of doctors in our country, ranging from one doctor per 700 people around certain university medical centers in large cities to as low as one doctor per 3,000 persons in an area he is willing to cover. I know of one town of 9,000 population in Ohio which has thirty-five doctors, but this is meaningless. Two clinics there supply medical service daily to people living within a radius of 100 miles.

One of the major reasons why the American lay public thinks there aren't enough doctors is a radical change in the public's reasons for going to the doctor. The rate of growth of demand for doctor time exceeds the population growth in the last forty years by a factor something like twenty to one or more. This has occurred during a period of significant drops in age-specific morbidity and mortality rates from nearly all of the ills of mankind in the U.S.A. The number of doctors available to the American public, based solely on the two populations, has changed very little.

A few well-done studies have shown that more than half of the visits of patients to doctors are for reasons having nothing to do with any physical illness. These are mostly minor emotional problems and various forms of fear, things for which the American people of the fifty years prior to 1920 almost never went to the doctor. The reasons for this mass mild psychoneurosis are, of course, many and varied, and it would take a sizable book to discuss them adequately. However, most of it, I believe, stems from America's futile efforts to buy security through a multitude of means rather than earn it by demonstrated ability in their own eyes to provide it. Today's young mother with one baby is in a constant swivet over supposed problems of her child or herself and she never loses it unless she has the good sense to have four or more children. Then she finds the problems and the supposed massive work load have disappeared. A vast number of people visit university out-patient clinics far more frequently than needed, for purely social reasons. They like to talk to others about their troubles, and the neighbors have gotten tired of listening.

I think you are in error in saying that research is the reason why a majority of medical students prefer university hospitals. These students know they want at least some residency training, they also know that rare indeed is the residency program in a private hospital which is on a par with comparable training in university medical cen-

"It's a good thing I'm past the Neanderthal stage!"

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ters. They know, too, that if they are able to get into a university hospital for internship, their chances for a first-class residency the next year are materially improved. A medical student in the middle-third of his class who interns in a small private community hospital hasn't a prayer of getting a first-class resident position.

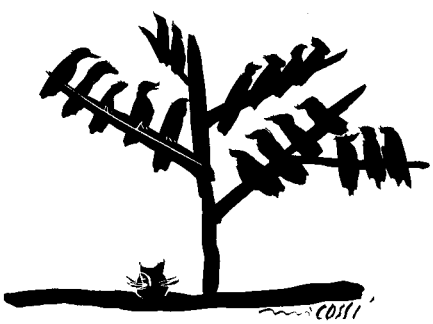
You seem to feel that medical school deans are superior and very important people who have a lot to do with what goes on in their medical schools and since this is so, the dean's club (American Association of Medical Colleges) is potentially the most powerful agency in this country to change medical education, doctor supply, and even perhaps the nature of medical practice. The only fault I can find with this thesis is that the fundamental underlying premise is in error. Of the approximately eighty-seven medical school deans in this country, only a very small handful are truly great men in their own right, men of vision and great administrative ability. In some schools, the department heads pay exactly no attention whatsoever to the dean's wishes. No dean can move very far or very fast without the complete concurrence of his faculty, the university administration, and frequently the state legislative bodies. The real power in medical schools lies in their department heads, and a school's national and international reputation is usually made by a few great department chairmen.

The failure of university hospital groups to explain carefully to the patient in lay language what is wrong with him is a sin—a terrible sin which I hope we will soon eradicate. Unfortunately, there is an awful lot of it.

WILLIAM F. ASHE, M.D.

Columbus, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The question raised in the penultimate paragraph of Dr. Ashe's letter is one on which SR's science editor feels qualified to throw some additional light. At the time SR initiated the drug reform campaign which resulted in a new United States food and drug law, department heads from leading medical schools of the country met privately and invited him to join their deliberations. They asked him to say how he thought they might best demonstrate their support of drug reform. He suggested they testify openly at Congressional hearings. Several said they had proposed such a course to their respective deans but had been discouraged on the grounds that medical schools get too much financial support from the drug makers. This word from the deans was accepted by the department heads as a veto. Not a single department head testified although several phoned and wrote to SR subsequently to urge the magazine to continue to publish the uncomfortable facts.*



Attic Treasures

I WAS DEEPLY GRIEVED to see the flippant treatment by Daniel S. Greenberg of the scientific standing of the Smithsonian Institution [*SR*, June 5].

The first secretary, Joseph Henry, was for many years the most eminent scientist in the United States. Before he gave up much of his private work to organize the Smithsonian, his electrical researches were on a par and supplementary to those of the great Faraday. Henry charted the Smithsonian's course to "increase and distribute knowledge." It has been followed for 120 years by all his successors.

Henry established the U.S. Weather Service about 1850, relinquished it to the Signal Corps when it became too costly, which after twenty more years turned it over to the Weather Bureau. Henry founded the International Exchanges for the free exchange of scientific publications and intelligence between the United States and all the world. The Smithsonian still administers it. Consequently, all great libraries of the world have extensive collections of Smithsonian and U.S. university and scientific society publications. The world's returns to the Smithsonian became the Smithsonian Deposit in the Library of Congress. When secretary Henry died, Congress adjourned and participated in the funeral exercises by addresses from its members. Congress immediately appropriated $15,000 to publish and distribute a book of Henry's researches and labors.

Secretary Spencer F. Baird was able to found what became the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, and served without pay as its chief till his death. He founded Wood's Hole Laboratory and built the research ship *Albatross*. He received high honors for his scientific promotion of fisheries from many maritime nations. But he was, besides, the world's leading authority on herpetology and ornithology.

Secretary Samuel P. Langley was one of the four leading astronomers of his time in the United States. The three others were Simon Newcomb, chief of the *Nautical Almanac*, Edward C. Pickering, director of Harvard College Observatory, and Charles A. Young, professor of astronomy at Princeton University. Langley was also for ten years the leading promoter of the science of mechanical flight. He flew successfully thirteen-foot unmanned models in 1895 and 1896, and built a man-carrying machine for the Army which was accidentally crashed at first trials, but later flown carrying 400 pounds of additional weight.

Secretary Charles D. Walcott was for ten years the able director of the U.S. Geological Survey. He was the world's leading authority and research scientist in Cambrian paleontology. After being assistant secretary in addition to the survey chief for several years, he was elected secretary of the Smithsonian after Langley's death in 1906. There was no scientific man in the United States so helpfully influential with Congress and the Executive. Walcott also persuaded Andrew Carnegie to found and richly endow the Carnegie Institution. Walcott was most influential on its Board for twenty-five

years. Walcott conceived and was able to persuade Congress to create the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and was its active head for several years. He was also very active in organizing scientific men for the First World War. He gave financial and other highly valuable aid to enable Dr. Robert H. Goddard to become the rocket pioneer.

Walcott was president of the National Academy of Sciences for several consecutive terms. The National Academy met at the Smithsonian for its annual meetings in April for its first half-century. When I was elected a member in 1915, I believe, the Smithsonian staff had more academicians than any other institution except possibly Harvard University.

The International Exchanges of Scientific Literature spread the Smithsonian's fame over all the world. When on a journey to select the best mountain site for a solar observing station to cooperate with Smithsonian solar stations in California and Chile forty years ago, I passed through the Egyptian Custom House at the Suez Canal. The official would not even have my luggage opened when I showed him my letter from the secretary of the Smithsonian.

Thirty-seven years ago a notable meeting was held in the great hall of the old Smithsonian. It was attended by President Coolidge and his Cabinet, the leading members of the House and Senate, and over 100 leaders in industry and science. It was addressed by chancellor Chief Justice Howard Taft and, in the illness of secretary Walcott, by the assistant secretary. Its purpose was to devise means to secure additional endowment.

At each end of the great hall was a large map of the world. One map was dotted with the thousands of locations where the Smithsonian scientific expeditions had been. The other map indicated as well as possible where the millions of letters had been sent by the Institution in response to scientific inquiries from all over the world. In the center of the great hall was a column twenty-three feet high, four books square, built of individual scientific publications by the Smithsonian Institution's staff.

At that time the staff members wrote the twelve volumes of the *Smithsonian Scientific Series*. It was printed and sold by the Series Co., Inc., of New York. It returned 10 per cent royalties to the Smithsonian—over half a million dollars in the twenty years it sold. Private gifts about that time added some $2,000,000 to the Smithsonian's means.

CHARLES G. ABBOT,
Research Associate,
Retired Fifth Secretary,
Smithsonian Institution.
Washington, D.C.

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Continued from page 42

been flung down between the town, the Niger River port of Kabara, and the airport. And at the airport work was going forward slowly on the first terminal building to receive the visitors of the future.

When the sun set over the African horizon in a blaze of fire and the black velvet night descended, we repaired to the French-built, Mali-operated Hotel de Tombouctou, or "Campement." This, we noted, was a one-story, seven-room, two-bath affair nicely situated overlooking a small lake with a patio and a bougainvillea-covered arch in front. In authentic African style, however, Soviet-managed Air Mali had carried in more passengers that day than there were beds and our first night in Timbuktu two of us slept in the combination bar-restaurant on cots with straw mattresses until the room situation cleared up. (Several nights later we were sitting in our room when the lights suddenly went out about nine o'clock and we realized that the hotel imposed its own curfew on its guests.)

DINNER that evening consisted of a watery vegetable soup, a Mali version of couscous, and *crème caramel* without much *crème*. We irrigated it with a rough red wine that must have come from Algeria or the French Midi and topped it off with a gritty *café noir*. The service was strictly from Cheapside. After dinner the sloppy young Arab barman reluctantly doled out drinks from his one-bottle bar (Johnny Walker Red), which he kept replenishing from some secret source in the kitchen.

Our companions that weekend were representative of the visitors who are making the pilgrimage to Timbuktu these days. They consisted of an American diplomat from our London Embassy, a Negro couple from the USIS in Dakar, a technician and two sister secretaries from the AID Mission in Bamako, and two young French communication engineers from Paris—none of them real tourists by any definition. When they left they were replaced by five Communist Chinese from Peking, shepherded by a Mali interpreter, who passed most of their time pacing the patio. The Americans brought their own liquor and the Chinese their own tea; of the two, the Americans seemed to be the happier.

Apart from the visitors, we discovered that there were two American missionary families living in Timbuktu who have been preaching the Gospel in the teeth of Islam for more than a decade. They are David L. Marshall, thirty-six, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, who is field director of the Evangelical Baptist Mission, of Paterson, New Jersey, his wife and three children, and his brother Frank, thirty-five, who has a wife and six children. They minister to a small church, run a religious bookstore on a corner of the marketplace, and operate a houseboat called the *Niger Nomad* up and down the river, visiting hundreds of villages in the interests of Christianity.

In the absence of the brothers we talked with Mrs. David Marshall, a patient, pleasant-faced woman, about the difficulties of maintaining a Christian outpost in a Moslem world. She explained that the Mali authorities in Bamako permit them to function freely in the countryside, but not in Timbuktu, and they never attempt to proselyte. "We work mostly with young recruits to the army who have not adopted a faith," she said, "and we merely plant the seeds and hope for the best." The best is represented by a church membership of ten.

WE had timed our journey in the hope of seeing the arrival of one of the great caravans, or Azalais, which arrive in Timbuktu twice a year from the salt mines of Taudeni, 500 miles to the north in the Central Sahara, but we were not so fortunate and had to be content with watching a few camels straggle in laden with salt bars. From the cameleers and other sources, however, we pieced together the grim story of one of the few African caravans to survive competition with the Diesel truck, and the hell hole in which it originates.

E. F. Gautier, the eminent French authority on the Sahara, writes of Taudeni: "It is hardly possible that even under the most merciless regimes there has ever been an industrial hell comparable to this one anywhere on the face of the earth." As he and others describe it, the Taudeni salt mines are controlled by Arab entrepreneurs and worked by Negro debtors who are virtually slaves. The latter stand or squat in their bare feet up to their knees in a corrosive brine at the bottom of the pits, hacking away at the salt with broad hoes. Each miner can extract nine or ten slabs a day, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds, in heat soaring to 130 degrees. As punishing as the work is, it is the character of the water that actually does them in. The only well at the mines has a high salt and magnesium content and it acts as a constant purgative on the strongest constitution. A job in the mines is thus a sentence to death within a few years and a steady stream of Negroes must be recruited to replace them as they fall.

Salt has always been a mainstay of the Timbuktu economy, we were told, and its value increases five times during its delivery from Taudeni. In the early days as many as 20,000 camels were employed in a single caravan to bring in the annual shipment as a measure of protection against marauding tribesmen, and as late as ten years ago 22,500 camels were required for the two caravans. As the desert was pacified and the trade dwindled, the number has dropped to around 2,000 camels. At an average rate of some twenty-five miles a day, it takes about three weeks to make the trip and it is still a perilous test of man's endurance against sand and sun; only a few wells are to be found along the way. As with generations gone by, it is no wonder that the traveler plodding in from the desert, like the sailor home from the sea, sees Timbuktu looming through the haze as a golden haven of safety, luxury, and self-indulgence.

We have reached the point in our narrative where we must courageously face the question: Can we recommend Timbuktu to our readers? To answer it we turn to the tattered *Livre d'Or* that graces the hotel bar. In the early days of the five-year-old establishment the book is filled with the guests' panegyrics testifying to the fulfilment of their childhood dreams and praises for the hospitality of a certain "Madame Zina," the hotel manager. But in recent months, as the hostel slides steadily downhill under its present management,

these compliments are growing scarce and one disillusioned Irishman writes late in 1964: "My first thought on coming to Timbuktu was to get out as quickly as possible. The mystery of Timbuktu is that any tourist can survive here. There is no food in the shops and no beer at all. The best part of Timbuktu is leaving it."

While this may be an extreme view, we suggest that the traveler who likes to journey Hilton-style all the way had better forget it and go to Nassau or Hawaii. If, on the other hand, he has a feel for the rich lore of the Sahara and the ethnic well-springs of its tribes —and can take the bitter with the sweet —this could be the travel experience of a lifetime. After all, how many people does he know who have "Le Commissariat de Police, Tombouktou" stamped in their passports? In any case, he must bring something of Timbuktu with him in his heart and mind or he will not find the Timbuktu of his dreams.

—TREVOR L. CHRISTIE.

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(Continued on page 62)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 61)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1639

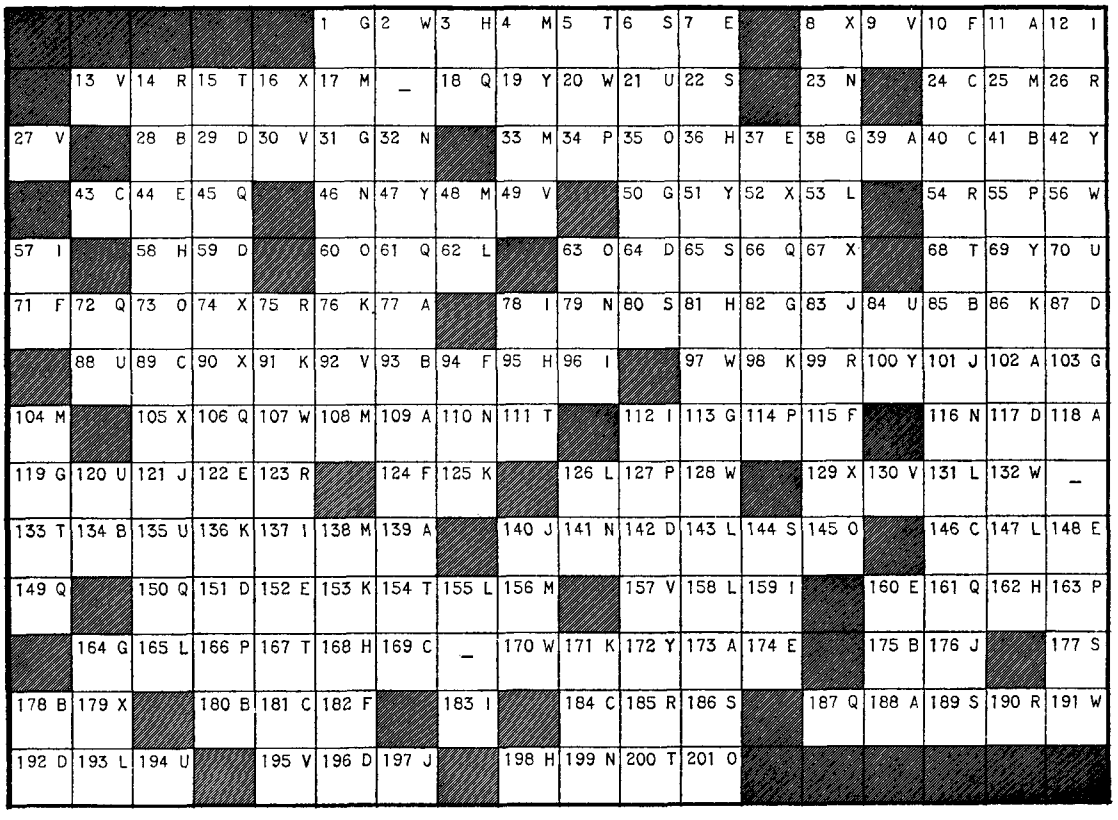
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sends as one's representative.	139 11 188 39 109 102 173 118 77
B. Throws into confusion; complicates.	178 28 93 134 175 85 41 180
C. Where the usual railroad train runs (2 wds.)	43 184 146 169 89 24 181 40
D. What Richard Jefferies said had ever "satisfied my soul" (2 wds.)	196 29 117 151 142 64 87 192 59
E. Subsisting as a permanent, inalienable, quality of a thing.	37 122 7 148 152 174 44 160
F. That which stands for or suggests something else, by way of association, etc.	115 182 71 10 124 94
G. Adequate.	50 38 164 119 31 82 113 103 1
H. Over-valued.	168 162 81 3 58 36 95 198
I. Preceded by *In* and followed by WORD J, poem of World War I by John McCrae (1872-1918).	78 112 183 137 57 159 12 96
J. See WORD I.	176 121 83 101 197 140
K. Entertaining a habitual love of ease and dislike of activity.	98 86 91 153 171 136 125 76
L. What most producers in any creative field hope to rise to (2 wds.)	143 193 53 158 62 165 155 147 126 131
M. Slang for a boor, one who is lacking in kindness and good manners.	25 4 48 104 156 108 138 33 17
N. Can accomplish the most (of a group; 2 wds.)	199 116 23 46 79 110 32 141
O. Omar Khayyam said these were "star-scattered on the grass."	63 35 73 145 60 201
P. Bring together into a loose aggregate.	114 34 163 127 55 166
Q. In certain bird families, this is the principal pen (2 wds.)	187 18 161 149 72 106 150 61 45 66
R. What Mowgli called his handsome friend, the black panther.	99 26 123 54 185 75 14 190
S. Milton saw this personification as "holding both his sides."	189 65 80 6 177 186 144 22
T. Spurted, or rose in high waves.	154 200 68 5 167 133 15 111
U. The qualities which prompt one to undertake difficult and dangerous exploits.	21 88 120 84 70 194 135
V. Pugnacious.	13 130 9 27 195 157 92 30 49
W. Degree of illumination; general lack of seriousness in character, etc.	56 107 170 2 20 97 128 132 191
X. Symbol commonly used in hasty writing; and quite properly in a firm name.	52 129 105 16 74 179 8 90 67
Y. Medium-sized or small kind of kangaroo.	69 19 47 51 172 100 42

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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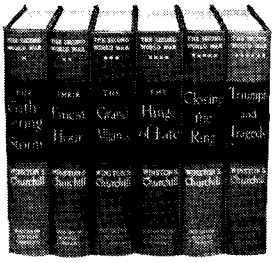

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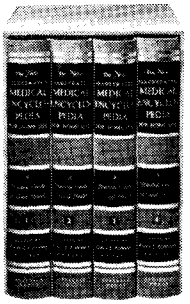

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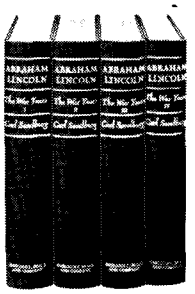

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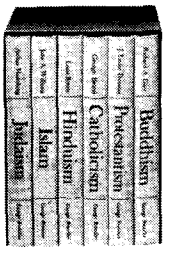

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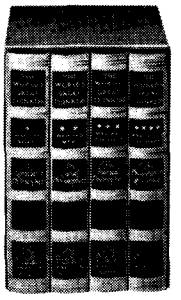

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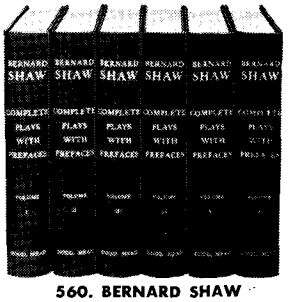

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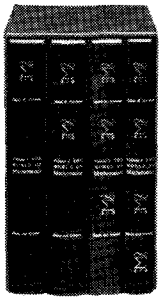

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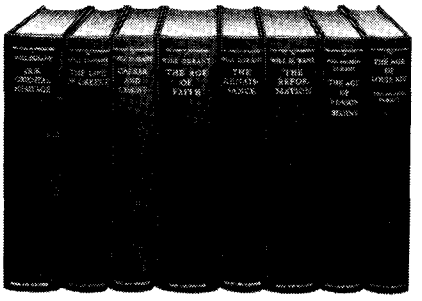

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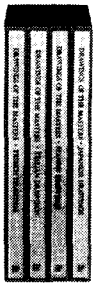

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